

THE
DEFENCE

OF

F. John Baptist Girard,

JESUIT, and Rector of the Royal
Seminary of Chaplains of the Navy
in the City of TOULON,

AGAINST THE

ACCUSATION

OF

Mary Catharine Cadiere.

PART III.

*Containing his Account of the secret Springs
and Motives of the Prosecution against him.*

L O N D O N,

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DEFENCE

in the City of London,
Secretary of Chancery of the Navy,
Jesuit, and Rector of the Royal

SHIT, TOMIADA

NOTAS DE

Henry Catharine Cadell

THE HALL

7-10-67
C. J. ...

॥ ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Senate, dated March 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by the President.

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THE PREFACE.

I CANNOT suffer this last part of F. Girard's Defence to go out of my hands without assuring the Reader once more, that I have, in all the three, been scrupulously faithful to the sense of the Original, as far as I understood it; so that whatever faults there may be in this Translation, they must be wholly imputed to my want of judgment and capacity, with some grains of allowance for haste, not to any little mean design of misrepresenting my Author.

Indeed, the most inveterate enemy to Superstition and Popery would hardly wish to see F. Girard's Memorial unfairly translated. It cannot be denied, that in the first part of it he has put a very fair gloss upon his own conduct; but the tale does not hang well together: In the second he has made a most artful and subtle Defence; yet every now and then he cannot help bewraying the badness of his cause: In the third he has given a very specious account of the motives of his prosecution, and has really shown the characters of his Accusers to be bad enough; but their guilt will not prove his innocence; his correspondence with La Cadriere is a sufficient evidence that he at least winked at her impostures, and gratified her passion as a Saint, that so he might engage her to gratify his as a Lover. But it is not my business to insist upon this; every Reader must, will judge for himself; and, thank God, a Protestant, a British Protestant may; while F. Girard's Letters teach us that a good Catholick must wear the chains of implicate passive Obedience, and resign his reason to whatever the Director of his conscience finds it convenient to dictate as the will of God; a lay-person must not pretend to distinguish between black and white, what is or is not damnable; he must shut his eyes against the light, and blindly follow his Ghostly Guide through thick and thin, to Heaven or Hell, just as it happens. Such are the avowed maxims of the Church of Rome, and the Lord deliver us from them. F. Girard's Letters prove it; but I think I cannot better illustrate this, than by the Mandate lately issued against Mr. Chaudon's Writings by the Bi-

shop of Sifferton in France, who was formerly a Jesuit, and seems still to be so in his heart. He could not have taken a more effectual method to serve the Protestant cause, than by declaring in so publick a manner against lay-mens judging in matters of religion, and therefore I gladly take this opportunity of communicating it to my Readers.

The M A N D A T E.

Peter Francis, &c. We cannot, dear brethren, be too speedy in snatching out of your hands a great number of pieces written by the same pen, infected with the same poison, and stamped with the mark of reprobation. We mean those published by the advocate *Chaudon*, concerning an affair whereby Religion is so unworthily dishonoured, that God seems to have reserved the punishment of it to himself alone. With what impudence could a Catholic advocate resolve to present to the eyes of all *Europe* several Memorials in his name, wherein his invenomed pen has united the most audacious licentiousness, the most atrocious calumny, the most rancorous malice, the bitterest invective, and the obscenest immorality? Which of you, dear brethren, has not blushed for him, nay for Religion itself, when ye found in every one of those pieces such frightful pictures of vice, and such indecent images, as the most abandoned Libertines cannot behold without horror? What right has a Layman to dogmatize upon Quietism, to pronounce what does or does not belong to that error, to decide that it is contained in Letters, in which it is not to be found, and to lay an accusation of Herefy before a secular Court? With what insolence durst a mere private man, and such an one too, contrary to all the rules of decency, good manners and equity, against all divine and humane laws, deviate from his subject, to abuse a body of men so dear to the Church, so faithful to the State, so useful to the Publick, and who perhaps never showed themselves more worthy of respect than now by the modesty of their Answers? Their glory is to have no enemies, but those of the Church, and it will be the eternal shame of this profane Orator that he has attacked that religion which they defend.

For these reasons, the name of God being first invoked, we have condemned and do condemn as rash, striking at the Episcopal Authority, offensive to pious ears, pernicious,

cious, scandalous, and corruptive of sound morals, all the printed papers in general relating to the affair of *La Cadiere*, and signed *Chaudon*, Advocate. We in like manner condemn all the Letters published in the name of *La Cadiere*, namely, the pamphlet entitled, *The Memoir of Lent*, &c. as containing false and counterfeit visions, revelations, and miracles, dictated by the spirit of pride, injurious to God and Religion; propositions which are respectively false, rash, obscene, scandalous, and contrary to good manners; a derision and sacrilegious abuse of the Sacraments and Ceremonies of the Church, and of whatever is most sacred and holy in our Mysteries: In short, as filled with most abominable impieties. And therefore we forbid the reading or keeping them, and order that within the space of eight days all copies thereof be brought into the Register's Office of our Episcopal Court on pain of incurring Excommunication *ipso facto*, &c.

As to Miss Cadiere's Letters and Memoirs in the following collection, they consist, especially the latter, of such fanatical unintelligible jargon, that the Reader must excuse me if in some places he meets with nonsense, absurdities, and contradictions; for I assure him the Original is my voucher: Besides, for an Enthusiast to write or speak sense, seems to be quite out of character. Her writings, you see, are condemned by the preceding Mandate; but had not F. Girard's imprudence provoked La Cadiere's resentment to this Prosecution, and so undesignedly discovered their impostures to the world, in all probability we should shortly have seen Mary-Catharine of Toulon honoured with a place in the Catalogue of Saints. This may seem incredible to those who are not acquainted with the Popish Legends, and especially with the characters of their female Saints: I beg leave therefore to copy a few sentences from Mother Juliana's sixteen Revelations of divine Love, translated into English by Mr. Cressy, as I find them in Stillingfleet's Discourse concerning the Idolatry practised in the Church of Rome, Chap. IV. §. 5. She speaks of our being beclothed in the mid-head of God, and in his meek head, and in his benignity, and in his buxomness, though we feel in us wrath, debate and strife: Of being substantially united to God; and that, God is that goodness which may not be wrath, for God is not but goodness: our soul is oned to him, unchangeable goodness; and between God and our soul is neither wrath nor forgiveness in his sight, for our
soul

soul is so fully oned to God of his own goodness, that between God and our soul may be right naught. *That* in mankind that shall be saved is comprehended all; that is to say, all that is made and the maker of all; for in man is God, and God is all, and he that loveth thus he loveth all. *That* our soul is so deep grounded in God, and so endlessly treasured, that we may not come to the knowing thereof, till we have first knowing of God, which is the maker to whom it is oned; and therefore if we will have knowing of our soul, and communing, and dalliance therewith, it behoveth to seek into our Lord God in whom it is inclosed; and that worshipful city that our Lord *Jesus* sitteth in, it is our sensuality, in which he is inclosed; and our kindly substance is beclofed in *Jesus* with the blessed soul of *Christ* resting in the Godhead: And notwithstanding all this, we may never come to the full knowing of God till we know first clearly our own soul; for into the time that it is in the full mights, we may not be all holy, and that is, that our sensuality by the virtue of *Christ*'s passion, be brought up into the substance, with all the profits of our tribulation, that our Lord shall make us to get by mercy and grace. I had in party touching, and it is grounded in kind; that is to say, our reason is grounded in God which is substantially kindness. *Afterwards she discourseth* of three properties in the Holy Trinity, of the Fatherhead, of the Motherhood, and of the Lordship; and she further saw, that the second person which is our Mother substantially, the same dear worthy person is now become our Mother sensual; for we be double of God's making, substantial and sensual.

Were we to take an estimate of Christian Religion from the Raptures and Ecstasies, the Visions and Revelations, the blasphemous and senseless tittle-tattle of such hypocritical, or at best visionary gossips, how much must we besool ourselves to think it consistent with common sense? Yet these are the Saints, and these the Writings, which the Catholics, excellent men! recommend to our study and imitation, while they debar us from reading the Holy Scriptures in our own tongue: so true is their own maxim, that Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion, among them.

As I would not be thought capable of imposing upon the Public, I hereby give fair notice, that I have purposely omitted most of the Law-terms, for reasons that are obvious enough, and I hope satisfactory.

THE DEFENCE

O F
F. John Baptist Girard,

AGAINST
MARY CATHERINE CADIERE.

PART III.

O U R Adversaries triumph upon *La Cadier's* character, and insultingly ask, Who can believe that she would make such a complaint to the Criminal Judge wantonly and out of a mere frolic, when at the same time she earnestly desired that her own shame and her Confessor's villainy might be buried in eternal oblivion? Can a young Lady of so blameless a conduct be suspected of such extravagant folly? Was it not rather the great Vicar's coming to her house in a publick and scandalous manner, that forced her to complain, and discover, contrary to her inclinations, all that she had suffered under *F. Girard's* Direction? And can a complaint made so suddenly, without any premeditation, be the consequence of a plot?

of the Governor's conduct, and of the combination formed between her Jesuit Brothers, and the *La Cadiere* as the first foot-stone of the Plot.

It is certain, that whoever considers *La Cadiere* with more charity, his established reputation for piety, and his innocence, which is such, that the foulest slander could never fully it, will hardly be persuaded that a Plot has not been laid against him. We do not mean, that the criminal design of destroying him was formed at once. His enemies were at first moved only with spight and jealousy, which were afterwards heightened into hate, and at last into rage and fury. Their first aim was not to bring him into public disgrace, but only to lower the Bishop's high opinion of him. That scheme proving unsuccessful, and he turning upon the authors of it, every engine was set to work, and the arrow drawn to the head. All the characters were admirably fitted for acting this bloody Tragedy, as will appear by recollecting what has been already said in this Memorial. *La Cadiere* particularly was exceeding capable of topping her parts, as a saint and a possessed woman; and *F. Girard*, the most honest undesigning creature alive, was therefore very proper to be the miserable victim.

Accordingly we find *La Cadiere* at first practises the ordinary virtues, insensibly advances to those of a more sublime nature, and having gained her Director's confidence, and made sure of him, dazzles his eyes with miracles: In vain he struggles against conviction, in vain desires time to deliberate before he can believe; she plies him so close with miracle upon miracle, that she leaves him no leisure to reflect. He is astonished, he fluctuates between wonder and doubt; he imagines he knows his Penitent thoroughly, and therefore cannot think her capable of deceiving him; so much the rather, because a miraculous apparition forces her into an austere Convent. No sooner is she entered the Cloister, but new miracles appear; the whole Society amazed, publishes them to the world; and looks upon her as a saint: But so great a violence to nature cannot last; she grows sick of the Nunnery; she forges new miracles to authorize her leaving it; *F. Girard* will not believe them; he begins to mistrust her; he warmly opposes the changing her condition; at last she comes out against his advice, and thereupon he breaks with her. She is seized with

with apprehensions of losing the advantage of so many miracles; she justly fears, that being abandoned by a Director held in so great veneration, she must also lose her fame of saintship; she therefore endeavours in vain to recall him, as appears by her three Letters written in September; and finding him obstinate, she puts herself under the direction of F. Nicolas, a Man well qualified to preserve her reputation for miracles. Accordingly it begins afresh to flourish under the direction of her new Confessor: But as soon as the first miracle is produced, it is proved to be a counterfeit; by whom? by F. Girard. Hatred and despair instantly succeed to fright and anger. No longer able to cover her sacrilegious impostures with false miracles, she pretends to be bewitched. There is no great difference between the two characters; and whoever has succeeded in the first, will be at no great loss to act the second well.

Thus *La Cadiere* passes in an instant from the society of Angels into that of Devils; and F. Nicolas, who proposes to deliver her from such strange company, delivers her indeed, but quietly, and without noise, in the country, where he had no spectators of the operation, except the Bishop, in whose good opinion he endeavours to ruin F. Girard.

But this scene not meeting with the expected success, in order to persuade the Bishop that *La Cadiere* is really possessed, they offer to shew him fifteen or twenty of F. Girard's Penitents delivered up to the power of the Devil in the same manner. They fix upon a day and place for proving them to be actually possessed; as if they had the Devil at command, and could make him shew tricks when they pleased. Great pains are taken to persuade some of F. Girard's Penitents to pretend to be possessed; but they succeed with none, except *La Battarelle*, and *L'Allemande* the mother, who are so famous in this story, and the weakness of whose heads must appear in the proceedings. They set out from Toulon with *La Cadiere* and F. Nicolas accoutred with a Violet Stole, a Ritual, and Holy-water. All the good company, having first dined with *La Cadiere*, arrive at her country-house, in high spirits. The Devil was not yet got thither to possess them; but the moment the Bishop comes, F. Nicolas going out to meet him, assures him that he shall soon see what he could not believe; and having conducted him into the apartment where the young women waited his coming, *La Battarelle* immediately throws herself upon

the ground before him, rolls about the room, and screams with all her might; whilst *L'Allemande*, whose Devil is more moderate, and more suitable to her age, contents herself with sitting and grunting upon a chair.

F. Nicolas struts and triumphs in the midst of these pretended possessed women; but as soon as the Bishop expressed some uneasiness, rather to discover the truth, than to deliver himself from *La Batarelle's* piercing shrieks, the Father promised he would presently still the uproar, and presently it was stilled, without the help of exorcism; which made the Prelate immediately perceive, that this ill-concerted artifice was designed only to impose upon him; and therefore in a few days after he deprived *F. Nicolas* and *F. Cadiere* of their powers of preaching and confessing. They endeavoured in vain to be reinstated; and as he did not think fit to hearken to them, they found no remedy but in despair. And to convince the world of the necessity of their exorcisms, they engaged *La Cadiere* to renew the scene, but in a manner that made much more noise, on the 16th and 17th of *November*. The whole Town ran to see her; and as no witnesses were present at the first, crowds of people attended now. After this scene was over, *La Cadiere* made her declaration to the great Vicar, and her complaint to the Criminal Judge of *Toulon*, wherein she threw out against *F. Girard* all that the Devil himself could have suggested, if he had really been in her.

Now can any thing be more evident, than the plot laid first by *La Cadiere's* two Brothers to make their Sister pass for a Saint, and a worker of miracles; and afterwards by *F. Nicolas*, to make those very miracles, when discovered to be false ones, pass for operations of the Devil, and effects of the Black Art?

We see *F. Cadiere* and his Brother aiding and assisting their Sister in all the different parts she thinks fit to act; extolling her sanctity, crying up her miracles though they could not but know them to be counterfeit; composing Memoirs and Letters to spread them about, and gain them Reputation in the world; complying with, nay, encouraging their Sister in her pretence of being possessed; exorcising her without authority, as the Abbe did; entring into all her designs, and even inspiring her with them, to ruin *F. Girard*.

As to *F. Nicolas*, does not his whole conduct plainly shew not only a plot, but a kind of madness? And if *La Cadiere* in her retraction, to which she adhered eleven days, had not told us the principal author of this truly devilish intrigue, could we possibly have mistaken him, if we did but observe his conduct? *La Cadiere's* miracles are no sooner proved to be false, but he, to bring her and her Brothers off, introduces the Black Art to account for them, and throw all the blame and guilt upon *F. Girard*. These miracles cannot be attributed to the almighty power of God; *F. Nicolas* converts them in an instant into works of the Devil: And in order to concert measures with *La Cadiere* and her Brothers for persuading the Bishop into this opinion, he quits his Convent, and shuts himself up whole days and nights together at *La Cadiere's* Country-house; where, as every body knows, his behaviour was far from being so decent or modest as might justly have been expected from one of his cloth. He could not deny it himself. Does *La Cadiere* return to town? He follows her thither, visits her every day in her apartment, and frequently retires at very improper hours. In these constant and secret interviews they lay their plot, and take all their measures for executing the design in the manner we have seen.

There is no doubt of it. Let us ask *La Cadiere*, and if you will, set aside her retraction, and only hear what she says in her first accusation. Who told her, that she ought to attribute the extraordinary things that befel her to the Devil? *F. Nicolas*; he boasts of it himself. Who taught her all the beastly obscenities with which she has stuffed her two declarations? *F. Nicolas*. This fact is certain, according to the account she now gives of the matter, pretending that that Father's exorcism opened her eyes, just as the forbidden fruit opened those of our first parents. Let no body say that *F. Girard* gave her any such lessons; she would herself disclaim that supposition; for if *F. Girard* had taught her evil, she would undoubtedly have left him, she would not have long preserved that esteem and veneration which she expresses for him in all her letters even to the last.

Who informed her that *F. Girard* procured her abortion? *F. Nicolas* to be sure. Would she ever have suffered *F. Girard* to touch her again, if she had known that he had made her miscarry? 'Tis plain we might in the same manner go through, and reason upon all the crimes with which

La Cadiere charges *F. Girard*; but modesty will not allow us to proceed any farther.

F. Nicolas therefore is the inventor of this whole story; nor has he left any thing undone that might gain credit to it; the proceedings must contain some of the surprizing ways and means he employed for compassing his ends. He will have it, at any rate, that most of *F. Girard's* penitents are in the same condition as *La Cadiere*; he solicites them, he urges them, and with much ado obtains leave to exorcise two of them, whose heads he had quite turned; the spleen, the vapours, and all hypochondriacal disorders at his presence change into witchcraft and possession; and then he falls to exorcising, not only without authority, but even without observing any of the Rules prescribed by the Church. He is interdicted; now he keeps no measures, he now knows neither justice nor truth; hence the part he was in so much haste to act in *La Cadiere's* last farce; he calls witnesses; he maintains against the Parish-Priests that she is possesst, and founds his proof upon the several grimaces which he had doubtless concerted with *La Cadiere*. He goes farther, and that none may doubt of his determined resolution to destroy *F. Girard* by any means whatever, he makes *La Cadiere*, before the publick scene above-mentioned, give him a permission in writing to divulge, even before the Judges, the pretended confession she had made to him, and by an unexampled sacrilege, he without the least hesitation, to gratify his own resentment, reveals her Confession in the most horrible circumstances, making use of that which he ought to have forgot for ever, to the ruin of a Priest and a Regular like himself. We doubt not but his deposition, which he had so much time to compose, will shew better than all we have said, that if the *Cadiere*s did come into this plot, as is but too true, *F. Nicolas* was the principal author and manager of it.

Let us therefore conclude, that if *La Cadiere*, as has been proved, was never either Saint, or possessed; if her Brothers the *Jacobin* and the *Abbé*, knew the falshood of all her pretences, and yet encouraged her in them to impose upon the public; if *F. Nicolas* went into the same views, and carried them still farther, (which facts ought all to result from the proceedings;) if they have used all these artifices to ruin *F. Girard*, they are all guilty of the crimes of impiety, prophanation of our holy mysteries, contempt of the ceremonies of the Church, and the basest calumny.

'Tis

'Tis with the utmost regret that we find ourselves obliged to rip up the characters and expose the conduct of the two principal actors in this bloody tragedy. And nothing could have forced us to undertake so disagreeable a Task, but the necessity of a just defence. Why would not they suffer us to bury such odious guilt in eternal oblivion, were it only out of respect to their function? But the faults of particular persons ought never to be imputed to their Orders, which on other accounts are so holy and venerable. And though these two Priests inserted, or suffered others to insert in *La Cadere's* Defence, such scandalous and bitter reflections upon the whole Society of which *F. Girard* has the honour to be a member, we shall not imitate their example. On the contrary, we take this opportunity of declaring, that the crimes committed by these persons shall never lessen in us that esteem and veneration which is so justly due to the Order and Function which they have most unhappily disgraced.

'Tis satisfaction enough to *F. Girard*, that he has vindicated his own conduct; and though he has at the same time detected the enormous crimes committed by *La Cadere* and her accomplices in the Plot formed against him, yet for the present he is content with inwardly bewailing their guilt, without suing for the condign punishment of it. So confident is he of the goodness of his cause, so conscious of his own innocence, that he voluntarily offers to go to Prison with them, calm as he is, and undisturbed with any fears, but such as charity inspires, even for his slanderous traducers.

So plead

PAZERY THORNTON
LEVANS, Solicitor.

A COL

A COLLECTION of LETTERS that passed
between *F. Girard* and *Miss Cadiere*, the Ori-
ginals whereof were produced in Court.

General observations on these letters.

THIS Collection of Letters is the plainest and most natural demonstration, not only of *F. Girard's* innocence, but likewise of the frauds and impostures of *Miss Cadiere* and her two Brothers, the *Dominican* and the *Abbé*. Whoever reads them with attention will be sufficiently convinced. In the Director's Letters there appears a spirit of piety, zeal and charity, joined to maxims of the purest morality; and though his penitent is continually telling him of the miraculous gifts which she pretended that Heaven from time to time bestowed upon her, *F. Girard*, according to the advice of all the spiritual Fathers, scarce takes the least notice of her visions and extasies, but discourses to her only of virtue, the love of sufferings, humility and self-denial, because that is indeed the most essential, and the one thing needful for ensuring salvation.

F. Girard produced in Court the originals of all these Letters, as well *Miss Cadiere's* as his own; the divine providence having so ordered it, for his vindication, that he recovered the latter in a manner which appears in some sort miraculous. For being informed that a paper was handed about containing the visions, revelations, and other extraordinary favours which *Miss Cadiere* pretended she had received last *Lent*, (this is the famous *Memoir of Lent*) and apprehending that it was a surreptitious copy which had been stolen from his penitent, he wrote to her, that only in case it were so, she should return all his Letters and other papers relating to the consciences of particular persons, as may be seen in *F. Girard's* Letter of *August 22*. *La Cadiere*, to make her Confessor believe that she had no hand in the publication of this piece, immediately sent him back all his Letters, except a few, and wrapping up in one packet all the papers that came first to hand, she sent him by mistake not only most of *F. Girard's* Letters to her, but also the foul copies of her own to him.

These

These foul copies were in *F. Cadiere's* hand-writing, and full of scratches and blots. He composed the Letters, and his brother the Abbé wrote them out fair, and generally carried them to *F. Girard*, as if they had been written by his Sister. Miss *Cadiere* owns all this in her Memorial. So that *F. Girard*, who always imagined that his Penitent wrote to him with her own hand, and who enjoined her to keep secret from all the world what passed in her soul, was prodigiously surprized when he discovered by chance, as he was searching his papers at the beginning of this Prosecution, that *Mr. Cadiere* had written all his Letters, and that he had not received one line from his Penitent's own hand. Then, but too late, he found he had been imposed upon, and that his Penitent's brothers had by this base artifice got an entire knowledge of what passed within their Sister, as well as several other persons, without having ever given so much as the least hint of it to *F. Girard*, with whom they lived in the greatest Intimacy.

By this bare relation, which is not contested, one may already see the characters and the deceit of *La Cadiere* and her two Brothers; but we shall soon produce more convincing Proofs of them. Now what does *Mr. Cadiere* say to this? Why truly he pretends, that as he was then studying Divinity under the Jesuits, the *F. Rector* of the Seminary must have known his hand. The weakness of this ridiculous answer plainly shows that he cannot give a good one. As if the Heads of Colleges had nothing to do but mind their scholars writing, especially the students in Divinity.

But if they did not intend to deceive *F. Girard*, and make him believe that his Penitent wrote her Letters with her own hand, how comes it that in such a long and continual correspondence he never received one single line that was not written by *Mr. Cadiere*? Why did he never receive one in the Dominican's hand, though he took the pains to compose them all; or at least, as they own, to write them first? How often did he go to *Ollioules* by himself? Why had he then recourse to his Brother? What a perpetual trouble did not this management create? It is evident there was some mystery in their writing to *F. Girard* always in the same hand, and that they made choice of the Abbé's, because his brother the *Jacobin's* was too fair, too

set,

set, and too different from the character generally used by women.

Can a more convincing proof of this be desired than the story, which every body knows, of the Letter sent to F. Girard from *Aix* by Miss *Cadiere*? A few days before this young Lady begun her short journey; she had put into her Director's hands Memoirs of her Revelations concerning Sister *Remusat*, Nun of the Visitation at *Marseilles*, who died in the odour of sanctity. These Memoirs, like the rest, were composed by F. *Cadiere*, but copied fair and delivered to F. Girard by the Abbé, whose hand is pretty much like his Sister's, whom in all probability he taught to write.

Yet Miss *Cadiere* would needs write to her Confessor from *Aix*; and it was necessary he should always see the same hand. They were not long puzzled how to contrive this; F. *Cadiere* composed the Letter at *Toulon*, (his foul copy was produced in Court) his Brother copied it, and gave it to his Sister, who put it into the Post-Office as soon as she came to *Aix*. This Letter affords a very sensible proof of the frauds committed by these two Brothers to make their Sister pass for a Saint; for though it was written at *Toulon*, it was dated at *Aix*, and gives an account beforehand of what was to happen to Miss *Cadiere* in her first day's journey. You may see it; 'tis the first of this Collection.

Now we insist upon it, and with good reason, that this single passage, which the *Cadieres* are forced to own in spite of them, is sufficient to prove them errant cheats, and unworthy of the least credit. And this will appear still more evident, when it is observed that some time after Miss *Cadiere*'s return to *Toulon*, which was on the 23^d of May, F. *Cadiere* having forgot what he had written in the above-said Letter, composed Memoirs of the extraordinary things that happened to his Sister during her journey, and therein represents the dispositions of her mind quite contrary to those he had described in his Letter. The Memoirs are short, but full of impostures and false miracles, and clearly prove the two Brothers to have made a mock of whatever is most sacred in religion. These facts are not attested only by Evidences picked out of the dregs of the mob, who may with ease be suborned and corrupted; they are proved by their own hand-writing, and by originals which they have been forced to own to be genuine.

'Tis

'Tis in vain for F. Cadiere to say that he only wrote what his Sister dictated to him; for besides that this is disproved by the many scratches and blets in the four copies, which are signs that he composed, dashed out, and corrected them at his leisure, will he pretend that he was in the Convent of St. Clare at Ollioules, and in his Sister's Chamber on the 9th of August, when she wrote to F. Girard: *This morning I took some physic, which has weakened me so that it has occasioned my spitting of blood, which obliges me to keep my bed, and has frightened the whole Sisterhood, who returning from Mass found me all over covered with blood?* We must not forget to observe, by the way, that 'tis certain and owned that La Cadiere was covered with blood, that is, that she belmeared her face with it April 7, being Good-Friday, May 8, June 9, July 7, and August 9; which alone is a demonstration that the blood did not come from the Devil, but from her periodical courses, and consequently that she profaned the most awful mysteries of our religion, in making use of such means to impose upon pious people, by trimming herself like an *Ecce homo*, or Christ in his Agonies.

But to return: Who wrote that Letter of August 9? F. Cadiere; the original was produced in Court, and his Brother copied it fair. Let them tell us therefore how their Sister, being in bed and so ill as she pretended, could dictate it to them; for it is certain, and they themselves own that they were not in the Monastery of Ollioules at that time. But this Letter of August 9, is stuffed with so many absurd Visions, that F. Cadiere being once proved to have composed it, will readily be supposed capable of being the Author of all the extravagant and ridiculous romances contained in the other Letters and Memoirs which we find in his hand-writing; and in reality he is so.

The Jacobin also writ the foul copy of Miss Cadiere's Letter dated August 15: Who doubts his being that day in his Convent at Toulon? 'Tis too great a Festival for him to be absent from the Choir, and from the general procession which is made on that day at Toulon with very great pomp.

Let them tell us why their Sister, who could write, tho' very badly, yet never wrote a syllable to her Confessor, notwithstanding so many Letters passed between them. Does not every body know that it is not expected a woman should write a fine hand? Let them tell us further,

how it happens that their Sister who could sign her name so well, seeing she signed it above an hundred times in the course of the proceedings, yet never signed one Letter to her Confessor, but made her Brother the Abbé sign them every one for her? How long has such a practice been lawful, and what means all this care, or rather this evident palpable fraud?

It results therefore incontestably from all these proofs, that F. *Cadiere* and his Brother are convicted of composing all their Sister's Letters, of deceiving her Confessor by a base artifice in imposing false miracles upon him, and of profaning the most holy mysteries of our religion. One need only read these Letters to be convinced of this, and from thence we may also conclude, that all those false Miracles, Extasies, Visions, Revelations, miraculous discharges of blood, Stigmas sometimes open, sometimes closed up in punishment of her sins, are nothing less than the work of *Satan*, but much rather a glaring proof of the villainy of the *Cadiere*s.

Moreover, as we observed before, Miss *Cadiere*'s Letters alone, whether she dictated them or no, are to any one that reads them a compleat and unquestionable demonstration, that the accusation of Sorcery, Quietism, Spiritual Incest, &c. wherewith they have endeavoured to blacken F. *Girard*'s character, is false and slanderous; so that we have nothing more to do but earnestly to beg that this honourable Court would take the trouble to read them; the bare perusal will infallibly convince them

1. That there never was any criminal correspondence between F. *Girard* and his Penitent.

2. That he constantly instilled into her the love of prayer, good works, penance, and endeavoured to carry her to the highest perfection.

3. That these Letters are full of pious sentiments, abhorrence of sin and every thing that is displeasing to God; whom she often beseeches to pardon her offences, for which she condemns herself to severe penances; as may be seen particularly in the three last Letters written in *September*.

4. That she is continually relating her Visions and Revelations, all proper to preserve us from sin and unite us to God in the most intimate and noble manner.

5. It will nevertheless appear that these Letters having been composed at pleasure, to make Miss *Cadiere* pass for a wonder

a wonder-working saint, and by people who knew no better, are consequently stuffed with a great deal of vanity and impertinent folly; for they could not thoroughly imitate the real saint. People are surprized that *F. Girard* did not discover the cheat, because they do not put themselves in his circumstances, nor consider that he could not persuade himself that the Girl was such an impious and wicked wretch as he must have thought her, and as she is found to be, now that the whole mystery of iniquity is unveiled.

6. The continued tenor of these Letters will show what really passed between *F. Girard* and his Penitent; seeing her Letters have a necessary connexion with what her Confessor wrote or said to her.

7. Lastly, Miss *Cadiere's* own Letters will leave no room to doubt whether those produced by *F. Girard* be really and truly the originals which he wrote to his Penitent; she herself having also owned them to be genuine, and the very Letters which she returned to him.

Were *F. Girard* guilty, not of the heinous crimes imputed to him, but only of a little too much gallantry with his Penitent, nothing would better prove it than his Letters to her, which he imagined would be kept very secret; for in these a lover naturally discovers his sentiments. Our adversaries are so well satisfied of this, that they endeavour to prove their calumnies by *F. Girard's* Letter of July 22, which they kept with some others, and which they produced in Court, though it contains nothing less than what they pretend.

Now *F. Girard's* Letters to his Penitent are so christian, so edifying, so full of the spirit of God, and of an ardent zeal for his glory and the perfection of the soul under his care, that Miss *Cadiere* and her Agents could not answer them but by saying that those he has produced are not the same with those he wrote to his Penitent, but composed afterwards at his own leisure: So that if we undeniably prove the contrary, and if we make it plainly appear that the Letters which he delivered to the Commissioners are the genuine originals, we prove all, and completely clear him of all the crimes laid to his charge.

'Tis in vain to pretend that they do not believe these Letters to be genuine; their inward conviction of the contrary appears plainly from the very things which they allege. 'Tis said that they savour strong of *Quietism* still:
How!

How! could F. Girard be so stupid and senseless as to compose Letters on purpose to appear a Quietist, at the very time that he knew himself to be accused of that heresy, and was forging these letters for his vindication.

They have the confidence to affirm further, *That he could not purge them entirely from the venom of love wherewith they were infected, seeing we find so many warm expressions of it even in the counterfeits.* Whence I conclude, that they are not counterfeits. How! he is accused of a criminal commerce with his Penitent, his Letter of July 22. is produced as a proof of it; he takes the trouble to forge others, in order to lay them before his Judges as proofs of his innocence; and in these Letters, composed at pleasure, he inserts what is sufficient to convict him of his guilt. Who do they think will believe this?

'Twas an easy matter for F. Girard, if he had forged these letters, to forbear repeating so often these expressions, *my dear child, my little daughter, my angel*: He needed not to have left in the first Letter he wrote to her at Ollioules these words, *You are still with me, dear child, and I shall never lose sight of you; do not you on your part forget me*; and many other expressions of the like nature, which may be found in his Letters. He foresaw very well that they would be wrested to his disadvantage, as his Letter of July 22. had already been; which was dispersed over all the kingdom at *Mid-Lent*, when he delivered the originals to the Commissioners: But that sincerity which discovers itself in all his answers, in his conduct, and through the whole course of the proceedings, would not allow him to disguise or conceal any part of them. And as he has owned every thing that passed, even in the closest privacy, and without any witnesses, for no cause in the world but that of truth, at the same time that he knew he was furnishing his mortal enemies with weapons against himself; in the same manner he produced his Letters just as he wrote them, though he knew what ill use would be made of some particular expressions in them; though some of equal, nay, stronger import, may be found in the Letters of the greatest Saints to their Penitents, as all know who have read the Letters of St. Francis of Sales.

But the most surprizing thing of all is, that those who pretend that these Letters are counterfeits, ask him, *Why he does not produce them all?* Why should they be so anxious for his producing Letters which he forged at his

his leisure, on purpose for his own vindication? Is not the question absurd? And does it not betray their cause, by discovering that at the bottom they are thoroughly persuaded the Letters are genuine? And for proof that they are really convinced of this, they quote a passage of his Letter of July 30. where, in answer to his penitent, who had written to him the day before, *That the Lord, notwithstanding her offences, had comforted her with such abundance of graces, that she was infinitely happy in her own mind*; F. Girard answers, *Let me know when and how your blessings returned? I humbly implore him who is the only source of them, to shed them upon you in greater abundance; and that the stop which has been put to them by your sins, may be at last as a dam broken down, after which the waters overflow, and carry all before them.* The comparison of grace to water is borrowed from the gospel, and familiar enough to Christians. But granting the bad construction which they put upon this passage, though it is contradicted by the tenour of the whole Letter, how can they pretend that F. Girard forged it at pleasure to exculpate himself? The same may be said of the words with which it concludes, and upon which they build very much: *I am in him* (i. e. in our Saviour; but the words *in him* they have prudently left out) *the very same that you thought me in our days of greatest happiness and tranquillity.* Certainly F. Girard might, nay, ought to have omitted this sentence, if he corrected the Letter. But those who read the whole, will not be offended at it; for they will find that it alludes to his Letter of the 26th of the same month, which upon his going to *Ollioules* the 28th, he found had put her very much out of humour.

That F. Girard, as they have the assurance to affirm, wrote above an hundred Letters to Miss *Cadiere*, is contradicted by those of his Penitent, which cannot be suspected of forgery. Whoever reads them with attention, examines carefully on what day they were written, with those of F. Girard's Letters which she mentions and must needs refer to, will be convinced of the contrary. Besides, how could he write above an hundred Letters between *June 6. & Aug. 22?* For after that time he never wrote to her, except one to take his leave, which she has produced, and a small Note containing three or four Lines, which she has kept. Had it been so, he must have done nothing else, and have written several Letters every day. Yet they press him, and insist upon his producing all those which he wrote

wrote to her, because he does not deny but that he wrote nine or ten more than he has given in. But has he these Letters in his hands? Did Miss *Cadiere* return them all? It appears very plainly she did not; for she owns she kept two of them. It is therefore a strange and most unreasonable demand, to insist on his producing Letters which he has not in his power. 'Tis Miss *Cadiere* that ought to produce them; we challenge her to do it, and to shew particularly those of *July 20. and 21.* which she undoubtedly conceals, only because they would compleatly destroy the bad sense which she is willing to put upon that of the 22^d of the same month.

F. Girard might content himself with this Reply, which is unanswerable. But because he professes speaking the truth, even in things to which none but himself are privy, he owns that he has mislaid two of the Letters which were returned to him. But that is not at all surprizing; 'tis rather a wonder that he saved so many of them. He adds, that he has two more, which he cannot produce without betraying the secrets of confession; and he chuses rather to leave his fate to Providence, than justify his innocence by such unlawful means: Though *F. Nicolas* made no scruple of using them, even to destroy a guiltless person.

To all these reflections add what must result from the interrogatories put to Miss *Cadiere*, and read to *F. Girard* when they two were confronted, *viz.* That she having seen and examined her Confessor's Letters, which were then shewn her, owned and acknowledged them to be the true genuine originals which she received from *F. Girard*.

One would think nothing could be added to the strength of these proofs. But because *F. Girard's* Letters alone are sufficient to vindicate him, we will push the proof of their being genuine even to demonstration. For why should he counterfeit them? Because, 'tis said, they were full of wickedness, and the warmest and most passionate expressions of prophane love. But what answer did Miss *Cadiere* make to these Letters? Any one may see that all her Letters are full of sentiments quite opposite to that detestable passion, and shew that her affections were perfectly disengaged from every thing here below. How! *F. Girard* wrote to her Letters of gallantry, not to say any thing worse, and she never returned any answer but what was very edifying; though they had at the same time, as is supposed,

supposed, a criminal correspondence together. Who can be so silly as to believe it?

But this is not all : Let us now direct our discourse to F. *Cadiere* and his brother the Abbé. F. *Girard*, say you, carried on an abominable correspondence with your Sister by Letters. He aimed at nothing less than kindling an impure flame in the heart of that innocent victim to his lust. For this wicked purpose he abused whatever is most sacred in religion. Take care what you say, and do not ruin your Sister, do not ruin your selves, in order to ruin F. *Girard*. For, who carried on this correspondence with F. *Girard* by Letters? *Your Sister could hardly write*, say you. Who then answer'd those infamous Letters, which deserve to be burnt as well as the authors of them? Who received them? Who saw them? Who read them? Who was the confidant of this abominable secret? Who prostituted your Sister in this manner to the lechery of an old Priest? You are silent, you blush; but that will not do: You are caught in spight of you; you must condemn your selves; you must own the fact: 'Tis not truth that will oblige you to make this confession; you do not know it; you have forsworn it an hundred times: But unavoidable necessity will force you to accuse your selves. Yes, the Divine Providence hath thought fit, for the vindication of innocence, that these Letters should be produced against you. Do you know the hand? 'Tis you, Regular, who dishonour a holy and venerable Order. 'Tis you that composed the Letters; and you, Priest, so unworthy that character, who wrote them out fair.

There's no medium here, and you cannot escape the dilemma. Either F. *Girard's* Letters are such as you pretend, and then you see the consequence that will follow against your selves; or else they were letters of piety and edification, which your Sister by your means answered in her or your hypocritical manner, and so you are infamous slanderers. Take your choice then, for, once again, there is no medium. How strong is the force of truth! But a lye cannot be defended, although fortified with the utmost art.

But, say you, does not the Letter of *July 22.* prove what we have advanced? Is it not F. *Girard's*? Yes, we own the Letter; and we should have been very sorry if you had not produced it, because nothing will contribute more to confound you, and convict you of your hellish plot. What were you thinking of, when you ventured to

produce it with such a shameful comment as would be shocking even to immodest ears, if your Sister's declarations had not render'd them insensible to the most outrageous obscenity? For, in answer to what Letter was it written? Was it not in answer to that which you wrote to him the same day? And who answer'd that Letter of *F. Girard's* which you say is so abominable? Did not you in yours of the 24th? You cannot deny it; you have been forced to own it. How! did you give occasion to this diabolical Letter? Did you answer it? And dare you say that it contains a full proof of *F. Girard's* crime? The Letter needs no vindication, when once it is restored to its proper place. None but corrupt minds, and those who never saw your answer to it, will credit your accusation. It is justified by its own tenour, by a thousand passages, by your own Sister, who, in answer to the interrogatories, even prior to her retraction, declared that it was written in a divine spirit. This concession was of too great importance to escape *F. Girard's* memory.

But how will you justify your selves for dispersing it about the kingdom, during these six months, as a diabolical piece, while your own consciences knew the contrary. We know very well what you will answer; That you could not then guess that *F. Girard* had kept the Letters which you had written to him in your Sister's Name. 'Tis true: And what a fine condition would he have been in, if he had not kept them? With what fury would not you have insulted over him? It would have been in vain for him to protest his innocence, and the true sense of his Letter: You would have triumphed over him with the most galling cruelty; and, contrary to the inward convictions of your own minds, you would have raised your voices so much the louder to proclaim his incest and villany. What must the world think of you, if the most horrid crimes are but trifles to you as well as to your Sister; seeing you are found capable, nay, guilty of such baseness, you cannot expect to be believed in any thing: And it is easily imagined, that to cover your shame you would spare neither promises nor ready money to engage two maid-servants to swear falsely; for that was your only refuge, as we have shewn in its proper place.

We do not think it worth while to answer the pitiful argument adduced by the author of the memorial to prove the corruption of *F. Girard's* Letters; viz. that *F. Girard* desired the Abbess of *Ollioules* to let his Letters go directly to

Miss

Miss Cadiere without being seen; for, did not he ask the same favour with regard to the Letters which Miss was to write to him? And ought not our subtle Logician to conclude from thence, that her Letters also were certainly full of gallantry? Besides, does not everybody know, that it is a general custom even in the most austere and best regulated houses, to allow Confessors and their Penitents to write to each other, without the Superior's ever pretending to intrude into secrets of conscience, or read what passes between them.

We conclude therefore, that there is nothing so chimerical, nothing so incredible as the falsehood which our adversaries have the assurance to advance, that the Letters produced by F. Girard were counterfeited and corrected: And if this be false, is it not a convincing proof of his innocence? Yes, F. Girard's Letters alone dissipate at once the Charge of Quietism, Sorcery, Incest, &c. as Miss Cadiere's demonstrate the Impostures, the Sacrilege, and the Impiety of which she and her two Brothers are guilty.

Miss Cadiere's Letter to F. Girard, dated at Aix, 19 May 1730.

F. Girard produced in Court the foul copy of this Letter in F. Cadiere the Dominican's writing, who composed it at Toulon before his Sister set out for Aix; he also produced the beginning of a Memoir of what happened to Miss Cadiere in her way to Aix; which memoir is also in F. Cadiere's hand, and speaks of nothing but the spiritual joys and consolations which she received on the first day of her journey; whereas this letter is filled with inexpressible pains, doubts and darkness. The Memoir is to be found at the end of the Letters.

REVEREND FATHER,

UPON our safe arrival at Aix, which was about ten in the morning of the 19th current, I immediately took my pen in hand to give you some account of myself, and to beg you would never forget me in your prayers at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. I flattered myself, dear Father, that this short journey would in some measure have relieved me from those intolerable pains to which I am subject, in the deplorable condition to which I am reduced,

and to which you are no stranger: But the sad experience of each succeeding day has convinced me that my hopes were in vain. 'Tis true, that amidst the fierce assaults to which I am exposed, and which throw me into inexpressible agonies and continual doubts, I feel, through the great mercy of our Lord, which always watches over me, particular effects of his grace, which show me, that a faithful soul, though it may be tried by such violent attacks as are difficult to resist here below, ought never to be dismayed, nor even suspect the least appearance of illusion or error, while conducted by his Almighty hand, which is always merciful to the souls that are in his favour. You know, doubtless, that in such a situation I may receive great benefit from your prayers; for which reason I earnestly intreat them, being resolved when I return to *Toulon* to inform you with my own mouth of the particular mercies wherewith our Lord shall vouchsafe to favour me during my absence from you. As to the Reverend F. *Boutier*, I find myself inclined to go and talk to him, so far as may be proper, for fear of drawing greater uneasiness upon myself, in the intention which I have of opening my mind to him, according to the good pleasure of God. I shall say nothing to you of Mrs. *Guyot*, because she does herself the honour to write * two lines to you herself at the foot of this letter about her own concerns. Allow me however to assure you, that I impatiently long for the happy moment when I shall see you again, and in the mean time to profess myself always with the highest respect and the closest union in *Jesus Christ*,

Reverend Father,

Your most humble servant and obedient daughter,

MARY CATHARINE CADIÈRE.

* F. Cadiere was not a true prophet; Miss Cadiere could not find in the Inn at Aix either pen or ink that she could use, and so added nothing to this Letter.

A Letter sent by Miss Cadiere to F. Alexis, Director of the Chappel of the Third Order of Carmelite Nuns, before she went to Ollioules; dated at Toulon, April 4, 1730.

F. Girard produced in Court the foul copy of this letter written by F. Cadiere's hand, who therein gives his Sister very humble sentiments in order to make her pass for a Saint.

REVEREND

REVEREND FATHER,

Sensible as I am of all the instances of your goodness to me, and of the particular pains you have taken to make me a true servant of *Jesus Christ*, allow me before I leave this place, seeing I cannot have the tender consolation of imparting it to you in person, for reasons known to myself, and hoping you will grant me a full pardon for this omission, ingenious as you are at knowing those who are thoroughly devoted to you, and at putting the natural construction upon every thing; allow me, I say, reverend Father, to give you here sincere proofs of my hearty gratitude to you, as well as to all our dear sisters, who have always very charitably excused my imperfections. You ought to be persuaded that I will never forget the holy and wholesome counsels which you have so often instilled into me, and of which, to my confusion, I have unhappily made but an ill use for so many years. The Lord in his great mercy has lately shewed me all my former prevarications, and the continual scandal which I have consequently given to all our dear Sisters by my irregular conduct: I beg it as a singular favour, reverend Sir, that you will have the goodness to persuade them to forgive me, and that you would not refuse me a share in the merit of your holy sacrifices of the mass, and in the prayers of my dear Sisters, which alone can strengthen me, and make my design well pleasing in the eyes of the Lord; I flatter myself that you will not deny me such a favour, weak and destitute of all good as I am; I hope through the mercy of our Lord, that if for the time past I have unhappily been an occasion of shame and scandal to my Sisters, the great † sacrifice which I am about to offer will effectually enable me for the future to rectify my former mistakes and irregularities, and so to deserve both from you and my Sisters the just title of being most strictly in *Jesus Christ*,

Reverend Father, Your, &c.

Permit me to offer my respects to all our dear Sisters, to whose prayers I recommend myself.

† A truly humble soul would have called it an inconsiderable sacrifice; the rather because La Cadere sacrificed neither a great fortune, nor great hopes.

M. J.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard; Ollioules, June 6. 1730.

This Letter was written the day that she entered the Convent of St. Clare.

PERmit me, reverend Father, to improve the little time I have left, by giving you the tenderest marks of my affection, and of my sincere gratitude for the great work of God, which you have at last accomplished in me to his great glory. I cannot here express to you all the different and fierce assaults which I have hitherto endured; it seemed as if all the infernal powers had risen up together against me, to wreck upon me all their rage and fury; and I should undoubtedly have been vanquished in the combat, if Almighty God had not defeated and scattered them in a moment: For, by the particular influence of his great mercy, I found that as soon as I entered the monastery, all my torments vanished, by an overflowing of graces and inward raptures. I believe the enemy will not long stop here; I expect he will attack me in a more violent manner; and therefore I beseech you by the bowels of *Jesus Christ*, to favour me constantly with the assistance of your holy sacrifices of the Mass: You cannot more tenderly oblige her who professes herself with a perfect union in *Jesus Christ*,

My dearest Father,

Your most humble and obedient daughter,

MARY CADIERE.

Give me leave to present my duty to my dear Mother, whom I embrace with all my heart as well as the rest of the family.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, June 7, 1730.

An answer to the foregoing letter.

YOU are now fixed; my dear child, in the house to which our Lord called you. May it please his infinite goodness to support you in it, and to remove all those obstacles on your part, which might hinder his accomplishing the designs he has upon your soul by shutting you up in a Convent. I render him a thousand thanks for strengthening

thening you upon the road, against the assaults of the enemy, and for calming the storm which Satan had raised. I have been told some part of what you suffered by the way, and as I expected it, I was not at all surprized at it. Our gracious God, as you see, my dear child, can assuage the fury of the adversary, and sufficiently compensate any sufferings for his sake: You were making a sacrifice, which could not be without pain; but he to whom you made it, is never slow to reward, but always abundantly overpays. Courage, child, and be faithful; our Lord will be so to you; and whatever attempts Satan may make, he shall never prevail against a soul that desires only its God, and desires him without any reserve. Yesterday morning I saw your dear Mother, and endeavoured to comfort her. *Jesus Christ*, for whom you left her, will by his grace make her amends for your absence. The friends who accompanied you, came to see me in the evening, and gave me an account of what had passed, and 'twas late before I received your Letter. Send me as soon as possible all the papers which you have; and for the love of God be more exact than ever in complying with all that I shall recommend to you. You are still with me, dear child, nor shall I ever lose sight of you: You must not on your part forget me. He who has folded us together in his bosom, will keep us therein inseparably united, in time and to eternity. Do your own work, and pray that I may finish mine. I shall be always entirely your's in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

GIRARD, *Jesuit*.

Write to me immediately what you omitted to tell me as I ordered you, and continue to set down briefly all that has passed in your soul, from your being first seized with pains, till the beginning of *Lent*, when you have written what has happened from that time till now. My respects to the lady Abbess.

F. Girard to Miss Cadere; Friday Evening, June 9.
1730.

I Am very uneasy, dear daughter, that you don't write to me. Your relations, who ask me if I have not heard from you, are afraid your silence proceeds from some secret discontent which you conceal from them. I am told
you

you are well; the Lady Abbess assured me that she allowed you to acquaint me how matters go with you. Inform me then how you really do, if you be content, and if you believe the Lord is pleased with you. Are you not relapsed into your former painful condition? Deliver me, for God's sake, from the uncertainties under which I labour; I know that all beginnings are difficult, and you know that one ought not to be frightened at what may at first seem strange in the change of one's condition, or at the murmurs of nature, or the tentations of the enemy. The grace of *Jesus Christ* with the assistance which you have in the Convent, and the holy examples which will be constantly before your eyes will animate you to do and to suffer every thing that is necessary for finishing your course. Give me from time to time an account of your dispositions, because you know that the glory of God and your own advantage require it. You are not ignorant of the designs of Heaven upon you; be faithful to the inward light, and never dispute with the holy Spirit; beg of him to grant me the same fidelity which I recommend to you, and present my very humble respects to the Lady Abbess. I purpose to see you the beginning of next week; in the mean time be assured that I am always entirely yours in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

GIRARD, *Jesuit*.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard; Ollioules, June 11. 1730.

An Answer to the foregoing Letter.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

THE honour of yours, filled with a thousand expressions of your goodness to me, I received last *Saturday* with a singular pleasure and with fresh gratitude. You will easily believe that it gave me the highest satisfaction, because I am here destitute of all assistance, and consequently stand extremely in need of yours. My condition would be really insupportable, if I were not perfectly well acquainted with the origin of all my illness, and if I did not assuredly depend upon your continuing your usual goodness to me, and so contributing to ease my pains. I conjure you to do it, so much the more earnestly, that as I find myself deprived by God of all inward consolations, there

there is none in the world but you *, my dear Father, that can give me any, and restore to me those first transports of joy, pleasure, and tranquillity to which I have been an utter stranger ever since I entered this house. Twenty times a-day do I sigh for the happy hour when I shall see you and impart to you with my own mouth the cause of my misery, since I cannot communicate it to any other person, which is not the least occasion of my trouble, as you may believe. Therefore make all the haste you can, dear Father, to cure a poor sick Girl who deserves your pity. I am denied the daily use of the holy Eucharist, which would be a very great relief both to my soul and body, and that throws me into a constant agony, attended with a continual spitting † and an excessive discharge of blood, which makes me to shudder, and at the same time to tremble for what is to come. I beg you will redouble your prayers for me, which alone can support me in the wretched condition to which I am reduced, and at the same time draw down upon me the mercy of the Lord who seems to have forsaken me. As for my wounds ‡, they continued closed up till last night, and then they begun to run as usual. This, my dear Father, is my present situation. Endeavour by the assistance of your prayers, which I earnestly beg of you, to obtain me some relief; you cannot oblige me more sensibly; I have a great many little secrets to tell you which I dare not venture to write, so that I hope you'll be so good as to excuse my omitting them, and that you will always allow me the favour of professing myself most strictly and most intimately in *Jesus Christ*,

Dear Father,

your most humble and most obedient Daughter,

MARY-CATHARINE CADIÈRE.

* If these expressions be innocent in the sense put upon them by Miss Cadieré's Brothers who composed these Letters, why do they censure terms far from being so strong, because they are used by F. Girard in his Letter of July, 22?

† What she writes here cannot be reconciled with the date to which she fixed F. Girard's crime in her Declaration before the Official.

‡ This proves what F. Girard has all along said with regard to the miraculous changes which La Cadieré pretended happened to her wounds; now that we know they were natural sores caused by a cold humour, wherewith her Brother the Abbé is also troubled, we plainly perceive that the different appearances of them were necessary.

Miss Cadere to F. Girard; Ollioules, June 15, 1730.

She begun by this time to be weary of confinement and the austerities of a Convent, and therefore greatly exaggerates the pains which she suffered or pretended to suffer, and begs her Director to consult God if it be his will that she should continue in it.

DEAR FATHER,

THough I am reduced to a very weak condition by a complication of disorders which encrease every day, yet I cannot help making this effort to write to you these few lines, and to tell you that you must not depend on all that my lady Abbess promised you lately; for as soon as you were gone, she talked to me in a manner which gave me to know that she intended nothing less than what she said to you. I beg you therefore, dear Father, to keep her to it, and to omit nothing that may contribute to the success of your request, which is so absolutely necessary for me, that you may depend on my certain death, if I am henceforth deprived of the holy Communion as I have been hitherto: Indeed you cannot believe the torments and excessive pains which I endure on those days, both in my soul and body. As to the latter, it seems ready to dissolve every moment, because of the disorder in my bowels, and the continual loss of blood wherewith I am afflicted, and which far from lessening encreases every day. I find every part of my body swelled by these severe attacks, and especially my legs, the largeness of which makes me afraid of the event. As to the uneasiness of my mind, of which I had the honour to give you an account the other day, you made me sensible that I ought to give myself entirely up to the spirit of God, whensoever he should be pleased to communicate himself to me. But here I must tell you that this morning at *Mattins*, while the *Te Deum* was singing, I having sat down upon my form and resigned myself according to your directions, my lady Abbess instantly came, laid hold of my head and shook it, telling me aloud before all the Nuns, that I ought not to sit during the *Te Deum*, and that she ordered me to stand upright; which I did indeed, but with incredible pains, because I was forced to resist the internal motions which I felt.

felt. Thus you see that it is impossible for me to follow your advice, and consequently that I must unavoidably expect the encrease of my pains. I promised to write to you twice a week, but I find myself so weak, so low in spirits, and tormented with such a violent head-ach that I am afraid I shall not be able to keep my word; nay, I fear if my pains encrease I shall not be able to write to you at all, unless your prayers strengthen me, and unless you employ your interest immediately with the Lady Abbess and the F. Provincial to let me have the assistance that is necessary for my recovery. I hope you will have so much goodness for me, and that in your holy sacrifices of the Mass you will beg of the Lord to let me know if it be his will that I should continue in this Society. I refer to my second Letter, my indisposition not allowing me to write any more at present, for certain things touching the festival of the sacred heart of Jesus, which the Lord has been pleased to impart to me. In the mean time I am always very respectfully in Jesus Christ,

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter,

MARY-CATHARINE CADIERE.

Be not surprized if my Brother the Abbé does not deliver you my Letter, I could not get it written till last night because of my indisposition. Offer, if you please, my compliments to all the dear family.

F. Girard to Miss Cadere; Toulon, June 15. 1730.

An Answer to the preceding Letter, and truly full of the Spirit of God.

I Need not tell you, my dear Child, the part which I take in every thing that concerns you, not consequently what care I shall use to prevail with your Superiour at last to grant my request: But you must know, my poor Child, that such things come forward but softly and slowly. I do not doubt but the painful condition to which you are reduced is one of the means which providence thinks fit to employ, in order to oblige your Abbess the more effectually and the more readily to give her consent to what we two desire of her. In the mean time, what is

to be done, Child? Nothing, but to resign yourself absolutely to the will of our gracious God, and whatever he does, whatever he permits, to acquiesce in his good pleasure, ready to suffer, ready to die like a mute victim, if he should require the sacrifice even now. Put yourself, my dear Child, entirely into his hands; his former goodness is a sure pledge of his present mercy; look for every thing from him with submission and confidence; only beg of him to inspire your Superiours with what they ought to do, in order to accomplish his designs upon you; that he would vouchsafe to enlighten you as to the conduct which you ought to observe, and inspire into me how I ought to direct you. Mean while let us both suffer every thing that happens, with resignation and quietness. Our Lord will manifest his purpose, and he will fulfil it too, whatever may be the dispositions of your Society. He has done many more difficult things; depend upon him; he never failed you, nor will he ever fail you, provided you be faithful to him. *Te Deum* is always said standing: You were seized in the most critical circumstance of the service; our Lord intended you thereby a little friendly mortification; I told you before to expect it; but see to improve every thing. When without any struggle you can resist the impressions of the Spirit, do it; if you find it too difficult, resign yourself to your good God, and at the same time resign to him all the little consequences of it. On other occasions do not violently force the internal spirit. This will expose you to be taken to task and reprimanded sometimes; but what is to be done, my dear Child? The Creature must be destroyed, that it may live by the Life of *Jesus Christ*. Courage in the Name of our dear Saviour; let us go on, Child, let us not be disheartened at any thing, but let us faithfully keep our promises to him who so exactly kept his to us, when he offered himself up to his Father at the moment of his Incarnation, to be sacrificed for his glory, to be sacrificed for our sins; keep him always in your eye; such an object will support you, and render every thing not only tolerable but easy to you. * I have taken it into my head that if you lay upon a straw-bed and wore the tunick, though it is not used in your house, you would perhaps enjoy better health; you might try, in order to discover what our Lord

* It appears plainly here that P. Girard was neither a Gallant, nor Quietist.

requires

requires of you. What do I know, dear Child? I am desirous to relieve you at any rate, and I am pointing out to you new penances: You conceive my motive, and I have no excuses to make upon that head. Forget not *Abraham*, and imitate *Isaac* throughout; it is not easy to determine which of the two suffered the most severe trial by the sacrifice that was required of them. Spare me one, my dear Girl, which I cannot bear, and that is to see you commit any more faults. So many graces, so signal, and in such numbers, absolutely require of you fidelity and resignation without bounds, without reflection, without return. Add not to the many troubles I suffer upon other accounts, and particularly on account of your pains, the distressful affliction of seeing you fail in your duty to God, in any respect whatsoever. I love him and I love you so well, that I should never recover the least slip which I might henceforth see you make. Have no more will of your own, Daughter; in the name of *Jesus Christ*, forget yourself and let God alone appear. The reason which you thought you had for not delivering your papers to me, was not a good one; I can easily distinguish between what comes from God and what from you. If I was not afraid of pressing you too much, I would ask you again to send them to me when you recover; this is letting you know what you should do, and I flatter myself that you will do it from that docility which you lately promised. If you do not think of yourself, all will go well; and can you doubt, Child, but that you ought by this time to be a thousand leagues from yourself? Beg the same grace for me. To-morrow I will offer you up with myself to God, in the heart and through the heart of his dear Son, in the holy Mass which shall be said for us both; thither I carry you, and there I always expect to find you; let us not come out of it, we shall therein be most closely united now and for ever. From thence draw the strength which you stand in need of, and from thence obtain for me the light that is necessary for me. Farewell, my dear Child,

I am entirely yours,

GIRARD, Jesuit.

Miss

Mrs. CADIERE to F. GIRARD. Ollioules,

June 22. 1730.

This Letter, and the following one from F. Girard, were written on the same day, and probably crossed each other by the way; so there is no connexion between them.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

MY impatience to hear from one whom I hold so dear, makes me write once more, to beg you would not refuse me that satisfaction as soon as you shall think it proper. I do not doubt, dear Father, but my lady Abbess has already written to you on my account, and acquainted you with my indisposition, by what I could learn from her in conversation; but to be sure she knows nothing of the cause of my illness. 'Tis true, she took notice of my spitting and loss of blood, at which she appeared to be greatly concerned, as well as the mistress of the Novices, who not knowing what to make of my distemper, attends me very close in order to discover the true cause of it; but I don't think it convenient to let her into the mystery, the knowledge whereof must be reserved to you alone. This then, dear Father, is the real origin and source of it. I told you in my last, that since the festival of *The sacred Heart of Jesus*, I felt a fire within me, which consumed and burnt me up. Last *Sunday* about ten at night, just as I was going into bed, I found those flames break out afresh with such violence and fury, or rather, I felt such forcible impressions of love, attended with such racking pain, that I could scarce breathe and pronounce these words; *Lord, forsake me not in this article of mortal agony*. I plainly saw my Divine Saviour nailed to the cross, just as if he had been crucified that very moment; his head hanging on one shoulder, and all bleeding with the crown of thorns which pierced it on all sides; his hands, his feet, and his side streaming with blood, convinced me that nothing but the Almighty power of God could have supported him for three whole hours in such horrible torments. At sight of this adorable Crucifix, I prostrated myself to adore and embrace it, saying, That doubtless my sins and unbelief had reduced my Saviour to this condition. He answered, That my unbelief was in no measure the cause of it; but that the

the *irregularities, and especially the irreverence, the sacrilege, and continual transgressions of the Society wherein I was, had crucified him in that cruel mannner. All in consternation, I perceived as I rose that the merit of the blood of *Jesus Christ* flowed abundantly over me and another person, whom I shall name on a proper opportunity; and he told me, that he expected I should join with him in his sacrifice to expiate the disorders of our Society, which till then was abominable in his eyes. Scarce had he pronounced these words, when instantly I found my face all covered with blood, my two hands †pierced quite through, and my wounds both in my feet and side discharged a great quantity of blood. Frightened at such a spectacle, I immediately took a bit of linen-cloth which lay near me, to stop the blood, and I also put plaisters upon the wounds. But I was immediately punished for my infidelity, by the †closing up of the wound on my side, and by an inflammation as large as a new crown-piece round those of my feet. I hope, my dear Father, that by your prayers, which I beg more earnestly than ever, seeing my disorder grows every day more violent, you would join with me to atone for my disobedience, and expiate my infidelity, for which I am most heartily sorry. You cannot believe what continual pain I am in for having been guilty of it; and there is none but you alone that can obtain the mercy of our Lord for me, a rebel as I am to all your holy injunctions. I persuade my self you will not refuse this assistance to her who constantly professes herself, with the greatest respect, and most intimate union in the sacred heart of *Jesus*,

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter,

MARY CATHERINE CADIÈRE.

Make my compliments, if you please, to Mrs. Guiol.

* 'Tis probable, that being desirous of leaving the Convent, she invented these abominable impostures, in order to give her Confessor a bad impression of us. How durst her Brothers talk in such a manner?

† Who knew better than her Brothers that she never had any Stigmas in her hands? Even those in her feet were no deeper than the thickness of a crown-piece.

‡ We see here again why F. Girard thought he might privately cast his eye upon this young woman's wounds: He had a mind to be thoroughly satisfied that they were not natural. But how could her Brothers, who must know them to be so, write such vile impostures?

F. GI.

F. GIRARD to Miss CADIÈRE. Toulon,

June 22. 1730.

He exhorts her to the practice of the highest virtue.

MUST I be forced, my dear child, to desire you once more to write to me, and must I be always complaining of your silence? I cannot imagine what should be the cause of it; and the uncertainty I am in about you gives me the greatest uneasiness. Ought not you yourself to have informed me of what I have just now learnt by a Letter from the lady Abbess, which I found here at my return from a journey I made to *Hyères* upon some affairs of our Priory, and to preach a Sermon; I mean, that you were ill on *Monday*, and had relapsed into your spitting of blood? I am concerned about the health of your body; I am still more so about the dispositions of your soul, of which I have no account. My lady Abbess tells me, that your relations came to *Ollioules* last *Sunday*, and that she desired them to carry you into the country, and had obtained leave for you to go with them on *St. John's* day; and adds, that you did not greatly relish the journey. This disposition on your part gives me real pleasure, because I do not believe that going abroad, at least for the present, when you have been but a fortnight in the Convent, will tend either to the glory of God, your own particular advantage, or the edification of the sisterhood, or of the world, who will soon hear of such a thing when it happens. Besides, I should be afraid lest your return to the monastery should throw you into the same uneasiness and difficulties which the attacks of your spiritual enemies gave you the first time. This persuasion made me speak to your relations as warmly as I could, to divert them from their intended expedition. But as they are Seculars, who are not to be moved by certain arguments, and as I found them piqued at I do not know what, I cannot tell you whether or no I have persuaded them to leave you at quiet in the Convent: Their behaviour during these two holidays will shew me their intentions. Recommend this matter to our good God, and pray for me. Offer my most humble respects to the lady your mistress. I have really nothing else to say to you. It is difficult to write long Letters, when one receives no an-

swer

swer, and is intirely ignorant of the circumstances of the person one writes to. Courage, child, keep the promises you have so often made, before me, to *Jesus Christ*, and be constantly faithful to him. The favours which you have received from him, and which he doubtless continues to bestow upon you, require on your part a continual and unlimited return. I am in the heart of our Lord, dear child, entirely your's.

GIRARD, *Jesuit*.

Miss CADIERE to F. GIRARD. June 28. 1730.

It contains nothing but a long tedious tale of what she had suffered from evil spirits.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

YOUR Letters fortify me in a very particular manner. I could wish I were with you, that I might shew you all the miracles which Grace works in me every day. Tho' you know I am more closely united to you than if I were constantly with you, yet your presence would be absolutely necessary to supply me with immediate relief to my continual disorders; for what I endure every moment is beyond human sufferance. It seems as if the Lord intended to give me more and more new light, by discovering to me the heinous nature of sin, and convincing me that offences are so much the greater, as those who commit them are distinguished by their condition and profession; and 'tis by the abundance of these discoveries that he increases my disorder. On Sunday about six in the evening, while I was with all my Sisters in the apartment of the Novices, my good God discovered to me a particular affair which is transacted among the Regulars of the Order, shewing me at the same time the enormity of it; which plunged me into the deepest sorrow, in proportion to the resentment which he expressed by discharging upon me immediately all his vengeance and fury, that I might make satisfaction to his justice. For this purpose he permitted the Evil Spirits to arise from the bottomless pit, and to assault me with the most terrible and frightful aspects that can be imagined: Their appearance was like to bulls, and roaring lions, and serpents hissing horribly. As soon as I saw these odious objects I fell backwards, and lost all sense; and then they fell upon me with such violence, that they would undoubtedly have torn me to pieces if they had

F

been

been permitted. All these frightful objects threw me into a fit of convulsion, which twisted and writhed my body, my arms, and my hands, and made me shriek aloud with all my might, like a mad creature; and at the same time the tears trickled down my cheeks; so excessive were the pains I felt. This fit lasted half an hour; and without a miracle, and the particular assistance of the Almighty, I believe I should never have come out of it: For towards the end of my fit, I perceived *Jesus Christ* in his glory, who declared to me that he had been a witness and spectator of all that had passed, and that he employed his almighty power only in forming souls capable of sacrificing themselves to his love and to his justice. When I came to my self after this dreadful fit, to my great surprise, I found my Mistress and all the Novices on their knees round about me, saying prayers for my deliverance, because they saw me in very great danger, tho' they knew not the reason of it. Then our Mistress said to me, that the fit I had been in must needs have been caused by Evil Spirits, assuring me that she herself had felt the effects of their malice. I retired to my room quite spent. I found my skin all flay'd off, and my shift sticking to my body with blood. I keep it carefully to shew it you*, dear Father, the first time you come to see me. Redouble, if you please, your prayers for me; since you see that my torments are every day more violent and more frequent. This comfort, however, I have, that in the midst of my agonies and pains, the Lord makes me taste abundant sweetness, joys, and inexpressible graces, in all the exercises of the Society, whether in the Choir, in the Noviciat, or in the Refectory: In a word, he every where communicates himself to me in the most comfortable manner. I expect you, dear Father, as soon as you can possibly come, that I may impart to you several things which I have not time to tell you here; and am, with profound respect and compleat union in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*,

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

* F. Girard never would see this shift. It should be proved by the proceedings that Miss Cadere had at Ollioules a certain red powder concealed in a linen cloth; so that she never was at a loss for blood once a month, nor for red paint upon occasion.

F. Girard to Miss Cadere : Toulon, June 29. 1730.

An Answer to the preceding. The Father, according to his custom, does not write to her concerning her visions; he only exhorts her to resign herself in all her troubles to the divine Providence, and gives her such advice as is fit for persons of extraordinary virtue, as he then believed her to be.

I AM as desirous and impatient as you, my dear child, to be with you soon. I had resolved to come to *Ollioules* to-morrow; but since yesterday I am a little troubled with a sore throat, so that I am afraid we shall both be deprived of the pleasure of talking together, and opening our hearts to each other so soon. I should not mind this slight disorder, and should come notwithstanding, if I were not to preach on *Sunday*; but that obliges me to take some care of myself, for fear I should be incapable of speaking. If my ailing lessens, and my hoarseness goes off, we shall see one another to-morrow with God's help. You suffer, poor child, and you are happy, in that you have an advantage over the blessed in heaven. I join with you in returning thanks to our divine master for all the mercies he shews you, and I earnestly intreat him to continue to shed upon you his most precious blessings. Do you, my dear child, let him take his own way, and only keep your self in humble submission and resignation to all his impressions: This ought to be your whole, your utmost care. And as to your disorders, or to the blessings which are sent you, never think of what passes within you, or about you, any further than is necessary to give me an account of matters. Always trust in the goodness of *Jesus Christ*, and be not afraid of his enemies and yours: They can never do more than they are permitted to do; and even that shall turn to their confusion, to your good, to the advantage of your neighbour, and to the greater glory of the dear Spouse. Continue to pray earnestly to him for me. Yesterday at the Convent of the *Visitation*, I saw Sister *Mary-Joseph*, who begs to be remembered in your prayers. Intreat our Lord that he would vouchsafe to manifest his holy will to her, and grant her the ways and means of accomplishing his designs. Pray also for F. *Abbate*, who is gone to our Noviciat at *Avignon*, having used the waters, which did him no service, but rather made

him worse. I have not leisure to write any more. Farewel, my dear child. I am entirely your's in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

Miss Cadere to F. Girard ; Ollioules July 3. 1730.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

THIS I write to thank you for all the favours which you are so good as to continue to me ; I wish I could answer them in such a manner, as to make you a suitable return for them ; but God only, dear Father, can reward you for your goodness, seeing I am unable to make you any compensation. Since our last interview, I shall tell you here, that while you were giving me the absolution, the Lord having drawn me to him, I had an opportunity of begging the grace not to think any more of myself ; and since that time he hath hearkened so favourably to my request, that I have entirely forgot myself, and that nothing here below is capable of moving me : nay, I seem as if I lived no longer among creatures, God alone entirely possesses me all day long ; and what is very remarkable, dear Father, is that what gave me the greatest pain, now gives me none. You know † that I was fond of nothing so much as of hiding from the eyes of the sisterhood the particular graces which he vouchsafed to impart to me, and the favours he bestowed ; yet now I find no pain in resigning myself to the spirit of God, who fills me with his immensity like an ocean, though I do not however particularly distinguish what it is that fills me ; on the contrary, I feel a kind of inward joy, because of the great good which I perceive the mercies of our Lord produce in this Society, and because I am sure he will receive all the glory due to him for it ; and consequently that he will thereby finish the work which he has begun in me. I shall reserve to my next letter some particulars which my indisposition will not allow me to write now. I always intreat you would remember me in your holy sacrifices of the Mass, and be assured that I always carry you with me, and shall always be perfectly united with you in the sacred heart of *Jesus*.

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient daughter.

† 'Tis a great Lye, and the contrary must appear from the proceedings.

F. Girard

F. Girard to Miss Cadere; Toulon, July 4. 1730.

An answer to the foregoing, which plainly shews from what spirit the Father acted. It may be judged from hence how he behaved in the Convent at Ollioules, into which he entered about three days after, on occasion of Miss Cadere's being ill, or rather pretending to be so, having besmeared her face with blood.

GOOD God! what pleasure you give me, dear child, if it be true that our Lord grants you the grace to forget yourself entirely. Now you are going to be at large, to be set at liberty, and our gracious Master will soon accomplish his work; let him do what he will, child, and stop his hand no longer from working: Time is short, and there is much to do. The sisterhood must be, must think what they please, but *Mary Catharine* must be wholly *Jesus Christ's*; or rather, she must vanish, and be annihilated that her Spouse alone may act, speak and appear. How much good will not your divine Saviour do in the house where you are, when he alone animates you, when he alone is seen to act in you! Oh, my dear child, make haste and die quickly. What a charming life will follow, and how great will be the glory of his holy love! Let him show the world how far his goodness and power can go, when he finds a soul that resigns itself to his spirit, and forgets that *Self* which spoils all, and often stops his beneficent hand. Earnestly beg the same favour of him, child, for *John Baptist*. I have just received a Letter from abroad which informs me of my misery, and recalls to my mind what I knew of it before, and what I am already but too sensible of. Pray that the advices given me may not be fruitless; I am very willing to do every thing; but as I am unable, my good God must do all for me; beg him to hasten the time of my deliverance; 'tis great cause for grief and confusion to know what is good, to relish it, to see it, to love it, to long for it, and withal to be still poor and wretched: forgive me, child, this expression which you do not like, and take care that I do not always use it with truth. If I go to *Marseilles*, I shall probably set out on *Thursday* morning. If I have so much time, I shall just bid you good morrow as I pass, so at present I wish you
good

good night. Farewel, my dear child, I am entirely yours
in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

Mrs. Cadier to *F. Girard*; *Ollioules*, July 9. 1730.

DEAR FATHER,

YOUR discourses always strengthen me in a particular manner, and the Lord follows them with a blessing which I can find no where else. Thank him, dear Father, for the miracles he is pleased to work in me, and the mercies with which he loads me. On *Saturday* at *Mais* I found myself struck from Heaven, and the divine touch affected me so violently, that it threw me at once to the ground. For how is it possible to support in this life, what the blessed in Heaven only are able to bear? I can express myself no farther, and leave it to him alone who knows what passed, to take to himself the glory which he deserves; for being unable to receive the Sacrament with the Sisterhood, he himself vouchsafed to give it me in a manner worthy of himself. Since that time, dear Father, I find myself swallowed up in the Deity, who makes all my happiness, my joy and my torment at the same time; which if it continues, I have reason to think I shall not live long, but that from the image I shall soon come to the substance. I foresee the same happiness for you, if you be faithful to him, as I constantly pray our Lord that both of us may. As to the Father Guardian of *Ollioules*, you know that the Lord has shewn me a great many things touching him, and 'tis now time to accomplish his designs, if you think fit. You will oblige me if you will let me know your opinion about it as soon as possible, and before you go to *Marseilles*, because he has desired a conversation with me. Recommend the success of this affair to our great God, and call here if you can in your way to *Marseilles*, that we may determine the methods proper to be taken. However, in case you should not be able to do that, write me word how long you shall stay there, that I may know where to direct to you, and that you may always participate of the fresh mercies with which my Saviour overloads me. My dear

* If *F. Girard* had given her the Sacrament while he was at *Toulon*, as they falsely pretend he said, would he have written in this manner? Had not any occasion to inform him of it?

Brother

Brother will deliver you a Letter for Mrs. *Piscatory*, to whom I beg you will make my tender compliments, besides my Letter, not forgetting Mrs. *Gulou*. Give me leave to acquaint you, that God seems to require some penance proportioned to my weakness; be so good as to give your consent to it, and you'll oblige her who professes to be in him who is All.

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient daughter,

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, July 14. 1730.

I Am in great pain, my dear child, because I hear that you are so, and because I cannot give you any relief, nor come and see you very soon. Our Lord will support you by his holy grace, and me too, if it please him. Let him finish his work, and accomplish all his designs in both of us. I am told, that one of my letters has lately given you some uneasiness. I said nothing, I think, which ought to have occasioned you any. † There is no doubt but you may eat flesh, soup and meat, if you can, and if your good God leaves you at liberty. Inform me more particularly about † your broken rib, and every thing that passes. I hope to see you on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next, and to get to *Ollioulles* by seven a clock, that I may afterwards say Mass to you, God willing, and give you the Sacrament. And if you have a mind to be reconciled first, you must prepare for it. The good Master whom we serve, will tell you which of the two days will be most convenient for you, as well as his designs upon us two, and you must inform me; but do it before *Monday* evening, because I may probably lie that night at the country-house, so that your Letter might miss me. I shall dispose myself according to your answer, for either of these two days is equal to me. Farewel, my dear child, I do not bid you pray

† La Cadiere did not care to stay any longer in the Convent, and she pretended to prove, that our Saviour was not willing she should stay, by his rendering it impossible for her to live without meat. Now the Nuns of this Monastery of St. Clare never eat any meat all the year round.

† It was not enough for La Cadiere to have two ribs raised above the rest, as she pretended, by the violence of the love of God, but her ribs must break.

for me ; that you do ; but continue, and obtain me all that is necessary for me ; that indeed is asking a great deal. Good night, child, I am entirely your's in *Jesus Christ*.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere ; July 16. 1730.

This is an answer to a Letter from Miss Cadiere, which F. Girard could not produce, for the reasons given in the observations which precede this collection. The answer shews what was the subject of the Letter.

I Preached this afternoon, you know, dear child, and I am tired. But your Mother having delivered me your Letter this evening, I cannot forbear writing you a line of two before I go to bed. I suffer * with you, as I told you before, my dear child ; let us both come into the designs of our gracious God, and sacrifice ourselves entirely to him. What ought to give you infinite consolation in your melancholy and distress, my angel, is that you are with him who afflicts you, that he loves you and you love him. Why cannot he who writes this say as much ! But take care, dear child, that nothing escape you in opposition to the pleasure of our great Master ; never say, I † will not consent, I'll not do it. The holy love would be much offended by such resistance, and I love my God so well, that I should be infinitely concerned for you, if I thought you capable of such a fault. Though nature should strongly oppose the intentions of God, yet content your self with saying, I'll endeavour to comply, I'll consider of it ; but, in the Name of our Lord, never be guilty of a flat and absolute denial. Will you not do, child, what I shall advise you, and what shall appear to me to be most for the glory of *Jesus Christ*, most profitable for you, and most beneficial to your neighbour ? You have often promised me to have no will of your own. Never forget

* *La Cadiere all along makes him believe that she suffers a great deal, to induce him to consent to her leaving the Monastery. But F. Girard never let himself be tricked into that, as the sequel will shew.*

† *F. Girard could not bear that his penitent should have taken a fixed resolution to leave the Convent under pretence of her indisposition ; and because, as she said, she could not possibly swallow meagre diet, which she endeavoured to put upon the world for a miracle.*

that

that the favours received from God, and his designs upon his little creature, require an absolute submission, and an unreserved resignation of yourself into his hands. You ought to have written me in a few words, what you thought was expected of you; you might as well have set that down as the rest, and those doubts and uncertainties wherein you commonly leave me give me no small uneasiness. Courage, child, the course is short, let us make haste to run, to give, to leave; you will have a long time of enjoyment. I expected you would have fixed a day for my coming to see you, which might be most agreeable to the designs of God. As you leave me at my liberty, and I find you are in pain, I resolve upon *Wednesday* morning early; if our Lord should direct you any otherwise, write me a line this very evening, and then I will put it off to *Friday*; because I believe † the great Vicar will come next *Thursday* to take your deposition: Good night, dear child, I am with you. Yes, I am with you more than I can express. May our gracious God glorify himself both in the Father and Daughter. *Amen.*

My most humble respects to the lady Abbess and the Lady de^e Lescot.

† There was at this time a process in the Bishop's Court, in which La Cadriere and several other witnesses were summoned to appear.

Miss Cadriere to F. Girard; Ollioules, July 21. 1739.

This Letter and the following one are absolutely necessary for understanding the answer which F. Girard returned to them in his famous Letter of the 22^a of the same month, which Miss Cadriere kept and produced in Court.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

SINCE we parted I have not had a single moment's leisure. For these two nights past the Lord has communicated himself to me in so ample a manner, with such a profusion of extatic joy, that I really thought I had anticipated eternal happiness. During all that time, I have enjoyed so much felicity, I have received so many graces, I have tasted such immense, infinite, incomprehensible bliss, that the mind of man, or even the most exalted intelligences are absolutely incapable of expressing it, or

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conveying the least idea of it. When I came out of this state, which happened about three in the morning, and tasted a considerable time, about five I found my forehead covered with blood. Return thanks to our Lord, my dearest Father, for the great mercies which he vouchsafes continually to bestow upon me, and endeavour on your part to be still more and more faithful to him, that we may both partake of the same happiness. As to the sacrifice * which you require of me, I cannot tell you what I suffer, and have yet to suffer. If I would give ear to the tempter, I should often resolve to retract the promise I made you. But as I find myself strengthened by our Lord with peculiar graces, I have so much courage as to do nothing contrary to his will, but thoroughly fulfil it in every thing and in every respect. My dispositions are still the same, as well to the Communion, as to all the other things relating to the Sisterhood. After you went from hence, the Father Confessor of this house made me a visit, and brought me a compliment from my Lord Bishop; he also imparted to me three cases, on which he begged I would be so good as to employ some of my thoughts, and give him the necessary light concerning them in a Letter which he intreated I would write to him; he told me besides, that he would come as soon as possible and administer the Eucharist to me with his own hands. I do not think it proper, dear Father, either to write or say any thing to him upon this head. Spare me, † dear Father, I beg it as a favour, at least during my life, and endeavour to divert the Bishop from his design, with which I am not very well pleased. I received a visit from your dear daughter; she will tell you what I cannot write. Mean while I am always with a perfect submission and intimate union in Jesus Christ,

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient daughter.

* It is plain from what has been said above, and will farther appear in the sequel, that by this sacrifice she meant the violence which she pretends she did herself, in order to communicate to F. Girard her counterfeit Revelations of Lent. But the true reason was, that her Brother the Dominican had not written them yet.

† While out of an affected humility she wrote this to her Confessor, she was incessantly importuning the Bishop by her Brothers to go and see her; however he did not go till Aug. 25.

Mrs Cadere to F. Girard; Ollioules, July 22. 1736.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I Received your Letter, as I always do, with fresh pleasure. Yesterday I did myself the honour to write to you by Mrs. Guion by the by, I mean very succinctly. But this shall make amends for the last. On *Thursday* about five at night, while I was in the Choir with my Sisters, I had a vision of *Jesus Christ* crucified, the dismal and afflicting sight whereof threw me into a mortal agony, which continued till five next night; at which time the Lord drew me to him in such a singular manner as I had never before experienced. For God the Father appeared to me *, and told me, that he had united me to himself from all eternity, in order to associate me in the great designs he had upon his Son for the redemption of mankind, the increase of his own glory, and to be the object of his complacence. That same night while I was at table, and the vi^{tu}als in my mouth, I fell into a swoon, and at that moment God manifested to me the recompence which he reserved for our Superior. I likewise saw the glory which *Mary Magdalen*, who so dearly loved *Jesus Christ*, enjoyed, and that the place she possessed was that from which *Lucifer* fell; and then perceiving the three adorable persons of the Trinity, they declared to me, that next to *Mary* the † Mother of *Jesus Christ*, they had never conferred so great honour, or heaped so many favours and graces upon any earthly creature as upon *Mary Catharine*. At the same time I observed the Father and the Son holding a crown in their hands, the beauty and splendour whereof I cannot express to you, because it is above the force of human language; and finding myself raised to such a high degree of glory, I heard these words: Daughter, receive the crown of immortality and

* By this jargon *F. Girard* thought she meant no more than that God would make use of her for the conversion of some sinner; he had not yet received the Memoir of Lent, which undeceived him.

† *F. Girard* failed not the first time he saw his penitent, to reprimand her sharply for this instance of excessive vanity; she excused it, by saying, it was very foolish to express it so ill, when she meant no more than that she had received more graces than other Saints; but how can her Brothers excuse themselves for writing such horrid stuff?

glory prepared for you from all eternity. This, dear Father, is the best account I can give you in the condition in which I am at present. I did not indeed receive your Letter till ten this morning, but before that, about eight, I was inwardly warned to unite myself with you, in order to thank the Lord for the mercies which he vouchsafes to us both. As to I must tell you, that he recommended to me his Niece's marriage, and another affair of devotion; and particularly an affair relating to his family and his own conversion, begging I would inform him what God required of him. I have prayed to God upon these accounts, and he has discovered to me that his Niece's marriage is by no means proper. As to the matter of devotion, it was discovered to me, that he ought to act with all the care and caution that is requisite in such cases. Many things were discovered to me relating to himself, which render it necessary that he should say Mass at least once a week, that by means thereof he may obtain those graces which he can obtain no other way, even though at the same time his office obliged him to say it every day. I could tell you a great deal more about him, but I chuse to be silent. Do you only take care to perform what you promised me, and to hinder him from coming to see me. I am not at all surprized at your calling me imprudent, for I have been long ashamed of myself, and wondered that you could bear with my imperfections, and my want of fidelity to the Lord. Obtain for me by your prayers grace to amend my life. You know that I am obliged to eat meat on *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, it being impossible for me ever to eat meagre again; which ought to shew you the will of the Lord. I am desired to tell you, that since you insist upon miracles, to put this point out of dispute, you shall have them. 'Tis true I must fall a victim; but no matter, if you be satisfied. As to the Father Guardian, with whom I had a very long conference, I am very well

F. Girard was not convinced by the pretended miracle of her being unable to swallow meagre food, but required of Miss Cadiere some more certain proofs, that God was not willing she should continue any longer in a way of life to which he himself had called her, as may be seen in her Memoir of Lent. And this was her reason for saying here, that seeing he would have miracles, he should have them. This miracle, which they promised so boldly, must have been some counterfeited illness; and therefore she says, that she must fall a victim.

pleased

pleased with him and his disposition; endeavour to join with me in praying God that he would confirm and encrease the good sentiments he has at present. I expect your answer with impatience, and am always closely united in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

Tell Mrs. Reboul, if you please, to come and see me next *Tuesday* without fail; 'tis for the good of her soul.

F. Girard to Miss Cadere; Toulon, July 22. 1730.

This is F. Girard's famous Letter which has made so much noise, and which La Cadere certainly kept with a design to produce it as a decisive proof of the accusation which she was then preparing. However that be, now that it is here put in its proper place, and that people can judge of it's true sense by the preceding and following Letters, there is no body can possibly mistake it. What is really surprising is that La Cadere's Brothers who composed her Letters, and her Advocate who has seen the proceedings, in which all these Letters are inserted, should in their Memorial have the assurance to put a bad construction upon this one, contrary to what they knew to be the truth.

We shall make but few remarks upon this Letter, because they would carry us too far and are now needless. It's true explication, which cannot be suspected of any disguise or art, must be taken from the two foregoing Letters, from La Cadere to F. Girard, in answer to which this was written, and from the following one, wherein she, or rather her Brothers answer this.

THIS, my dear Child, is the third Letter in three days: Endeavour to gain me time. God be praised, I shall probably in a little time be incapable of doing any thing but for her to whom I am writing. At least I am very sure that I carry her every where with me, and that though I converse and keep company with others, yet she is always present to my mind. I render a thousand thanks to our Lord for the continuance of his mercies. In return for them, my dear Child, * forget yourself and be entirely

* *He means that she ought not to regard self so much in the pains which she pretended to suffer.*

ty passive: These two expressions imply the sublimest disposition. Say not a word of any thing that my Lord recommended to you; we will see what is to be said or done. He came here this morning, and I have already taken occasion to mention you to him. I do not think he will go to *Ollioules*. I have given him to understand that such a step would make too much noise. I may perhaps find an opportunity of talking to him about the holy Mass. The Great Vicar and F. *Sabatier* will probably make you a visit on *Monday*. The latter, after I had talked with him, did as good as say he would ask no questions. But * if either of them should be inquisitive or desire to see any thing, even tho' they should use the bishop's name, you need only answer that you are strictly forbid to speak or to act. Eat meat, as you desire; I wrote you so before: Yes, my dear Child, I do want further confirmations; but you shall not fall a victim. Have no inclinations of your own, and hearken to no aversions. You must obey in every thing as my little Daughter, who thinks nothing too hard that her Father requires. I long † impatiently to see you again, and to see all; you know I ask nothing but my own, and it is long since I had a full view of any thing. But I shall tire you! well; won't you tire me too? 'Tis but reasonable we should go equal shares in every thing. I know you will grow wise at last; so many favours and so much good counsel will not be thrown away upon you. I am very glad that the F. Guardian pleases you; I shall remember him in my prayers for it; do not you on your part forget my patient, my sister, and the other persons whom I recommended to you. Mrs. *Guiou* found you yesterday a dying, and your Brother tells me just now you are extremely well: You are an inconstant creature: 'Twould be much worse, should you turn glutton. Patience, I wanted to know if you could go through with your meagre diet; time must show that. Always begin your days of abstinence with eating meagre; if it does not go off, or if it immediately returns, then eat meat: Observe this

* It appears by the secrecy which her Confessor enjoined her, and which was so necessary to keep her humble, that it was not F. Girard that endeavoured to make her pass for a Saint.

† La Cadiere called her pretended Stigmas her (biens) goods or blessings; and to flatter her Director said that she was obliged for so many favours to his care and his prayers; and F. Girard had not seen her wounds for a great while.

rule;

rule; we shall see the holy will of our Master. If you must come out, it will be a new and a great trouble both to you and to me; but blessed be our gracious Master! we shall resign ourselves and submit to every thing. Good night, my dear Child; can you decypher this scrawl? Be assured, as this Letter shows, you are always behind-hand with me, and you are in danger of never overtaking me, unless you write twice a-day. Farewell, Child, pray for your Father, your Brother, your Friend, your Son †, and your Servant; surely all these titles are enough to engage a good-natured heart.

† F. Girard's humility, and the esteem he then had of his Penitent's extraordinary virtue made him write in this manner.

Miss Cadriere to F. Girard; Ollioules, July 25. 1730.

This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter, and a compleat vindication of it.

DEAR FATHER,

I Received your's with pleasure in one respect, because it came from a person whom I so dearly love, but not without some pain in another, because you give me to understand that by my indiscretion I consume a great deal of your precious time. But if it please God, I shall be more careful to husband it for the future; however, this shall not hinder me from carrying one who is so dear to my soul about with me where-ever I go. As to my dispositions, I bless the Lord for your great courage in exhorting me more and more to perseverance. I perceive the thoughts of victory give you pleasure and rouse your zeal, but perhaps the combat would frighten you. However be assured that I will exactly fulfil your orders. As to the Bishop's affair, you shall do just as you please. I expect you impatiently that I may determine with you the properest methods upon this occasion. I am delighted with your success in dissuading him from his design. If the Great Vicar and F. de Sabatier make me a visit to-morrow from him, to oblige me to make any declaration, I assure them beforehand they will come on a sleeveless errand, for I am resolved to do nothing without your privity and consent. You tell me I may eat meat; I have followed your advice for some days, finding it impossible for me to bear
meagre

meagre diet, which I am obliged to throw up again as soon as I have taken it down. It is not possible for me to do without meat even on *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, which convinces me that Providence calls me elsewhere. You signify to me that you want further confirmations of this, that I must not hearken either to my own inclinations or aversions, and that I shall not fall a victim; I am very willing to submit as a little girl to her father's orders: But be assured it will cost us both very dear. I am promised, as I wrote to you before, that since you require miracles, you shall have them to convince you of your want of faith, but that you shall have the mortification to see me all over covered with frightful and uncommon sores, which shall obstinately resist the whole art of physick, and which nothing but my quitting this place shall cure, and that shall do it in a moment. However, I submit to all these proofs if you desire it: I expect you impatiently to satisfy the earnest longing which you have to see me. You need be in no pain about the *Goods*, they are entirely devoted to you; come as soon as you can, and satisfy your fond curiosity, but on condition that my submission shall once for all make amends for your trouble, and that you will not reckon so exactly with me for the time to come. Perhaps my obedience will give you reason to retract your little reflections on that head. Continue always to remember the F. Guardian in your prayers; for my part I shall not forget the persons you recommend to me; their having the least share in your friendship gives them a sufficient title to all mine. For my inconstancy, you must blame him whom I serve, who disposes of me which way and how he pleases. Nor has your advice contributed a little to bring me into this condition, as you know. However, as to this point, I freely forgive you, since it cannot be helped; but if I should become a glutton remember that I shall never forgive you, seeing it will be your fault. 'Tis impossible for me to comply with your desire of keeping to a meagre diet; I have told you my reasons, and so consider of it seriously that every thing may be agreeable to the will, and tend to the glory of God. As to your Letters I know very well that I am in arrears, but in this unremitting state of pain to which I am reduced, I do the best I can, nor do I reckon after you. Do you the same on your part, and take the good will for the deed. Who writes the most will have the most merit. I hope

hope you will do me this justice as well as to believe that I am intimately united in the sacred heart of *Jesús*.

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, July 26. 1730.

La Cadiere could no longer bear the hardships and confinement of a Monastery, and was so obstinately bent upon leaving it, that she resolved to retire to a country-house. She acquainted her Brother the Abbé with her intentions, desiring him to obtain the consent of her Mother and her Confessor, who was very much alarmed at it, as appears by this Letter which he instantly wrote to her, and which is full of the Spirit of God, and plainly shews that the expressions made use of in his Letter of July 22, were far from meaning any thing like Gallantry.

FOR these two days I have been exceedingly uneasy about you, Child, and your Brother has just now raised my grief to the highest pitch by informing me of the disposition in which he left you this afternoon. What is it then, Child, that has robbed you at once of all your pious sentiments, and that courage which you have hitherto exerted in obeying the will of God, and resigning yourself implicitly to his conduct? You are disturbed that certain things should be divulged, and for that reason must you quit the Convent? Is not this a shameful motive for a soul that ought to renounce it's self, and think of nothing but the interests of it's Spouse? What great mortification have you met with since yesterday, that should make you take so rash a resolution and neglect all the rules of good sense, reason, prudence, and virtue? *F. Sabatier* and the Bishop have come to the knowledge of some things; 'tis not my fault, but I know whose it is: Yet what harm is there in their being informed of what they knew before, nay, what had been told to an hundred gossips before it was told them? Really, dear Child, this is but a poor reason for talking as you did to your Brother, and for your being so much out of humour that you could not write me a single line. How! without consulting me you desire you may be fetched away to-morrow, otherwise you affirm you cannot live! Is it God's pleasure that you come out? I told you that you had my consent. As I placed you where you

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now are by his order, I am ready to take you out by his order as soon as I have it. But did God ever order us to act precipitantly, especially in such a case, and if I may say so, to leap the walls of a Convent? But three days ago you wrote to me yourself that God allowed you to stay a fortnight, or at most a month longer in the Monastery; what sudden accident has happened that obliges you to remove to-morrow? Once more, it cannot be his will. I say nothing here of my concerns, which ought not to be named at the same time with his; but your reputation which it is not lawful for you to sacrifice in such an important case as this, will not allow you to take the false step which you seem to intend; but the glory of God, the cause of virtue, and the grace of *Jesus Christ* absolutely forbid it. The Devil is endeavouring by this temptation to render all the good beginnings which you see in your Sisterhood barren and fruitless, to give all pious persons a very great and reasonable cause of scandal, to bring the practice of virtue and the gifts of heaven into contempt, to give libertines an occasion of mocking and to confirm them in vice; and 'tis you who are to be his instrument for performing these cursed works, after having offered your self a thousand times to *Jesus Christ* to maintain his cause and his glory. Oh! my dear child, I cannot persuade myself that it is true; if it be, then all your former conduct must have been nothing but hypocrisy, dissimulation, artifice, lies, diabolical wickedness, as the world will have reason to conclude, and will infallibly conclude, if you take such a publick step at an unseasonable time, and when it cannot be expected. But, would I have you to fall a victim? What shall I answer you, my dear Child, and are you actually capable of relishing what I shall say to you? No, I do not pretend that you should fall a victim; read my last Letter upon this head over again, I would have you behave prudently, and do nothing but by the order of God himself; you will suffer, 'tis true, but you will not suffer alone. You suffered a great deal to manifest the designs of our Lord upon your entering the Convent, why should not you suffer a little upon your coming out of it, if the Master thinks fit? You say I intend to kill you: Do you then know me no better yet? Cannot our gracious God give me sufficient confirmations of his pleasure without crucifying you? But are we to determine the means he must use? Did you ever repent your

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following

following my advice when you were in a state of tranquillity? There would have been much less noise, if you had obliged me, as you ought, in every thing. Would running away into the country be a proper method to stop people's mouths? Is a country house closer or more retired than a convent? And would not all the world then have much more reason to talk, but much less favourably of you, very much to the dishonour of virtue, and greatly to the disadvantage of the glory of that great God which you are under engagements to promote by all means whatever? This is a very gross temptation: God preserve you from making such a rash step; the consequences thereof would be irreparably fatal both to piety and you, and the thoughts of it would wound my heart, even to death. Consider, Daughter, 'tis your Father that speaks to you, and perhaps for the last time. But yesterday you listened to his voice, and will you be deaf to his cries to day? I cannot believe it, and I expect a line from you to remove all my fears. If I had been at liberty, I would have flown to you. I hope to see you once more submissive and tractable. Say not a word of any thing to any body, as I have often told you; be secret, especially as to your leaving the Convent. Let us join together in our prayers, to beg the light which we stand in need of. I cannot think that so many favours received from God, and so many protestations made to his minister, should at last produce nothing but infidelity and ingratitude to the Spouse and the Father of your soul. Farewel, child, I am always entirely your's, if you will be entirely God's.

Miss Cadere to F. Girard; Ollioules, July 29. 1730.

This is an Answer to the preceding Letter, which entirely justifies F. Girard; and shews, that the Letters which he produced, as sent to Miss Cadere, are not forged.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

ALLOW me here to open my heart to you, and acquaint you with the tranquillity which at present it enjoys. I am heartily sorry that I have hitherto been unfaithful to the Spirit of God; that I have not hearkened to your voice, nor profited by your wholesome counsels. The Spirit of Truth lets me now see my error and my ill conduct.

duct. I was inclined, as I now perceive to my great sorrow, only to gratify my own senses, and consult my own interests; or rather, to follow the illusions of the Devil, which had so enchanted the eyes of my understanding, and my will, that I thought I was fulfilling the will of God, and accomplishing his designs, while I was acting directly contrary to them. I am pierced with the sharpest sorrow for it that can be felt by a soul which is faithful to the Lord, and am very sensible how much I have been in the wrong to stray from the paths which you had so frequently pointed out to me; but let me assure you once for all, that for the future I shall give you satisfactory proofs of my repentance, by an implicit obedience to your orders, and an unreserved submission to your advice. The Lord has made me thoroughly sensible of the greatness of my fault, and I have had time enough to suffer all the penance he required of me for my want of fidelity. Yet, eternal thanks to his blessed name, since your departure he has restored to me the strength and courage which I had lost an hundred fold; and has heaped upon me such a superabundance of new graces and favours, that if it were possible for me to destroy, to annihilate myself, I would cheerfully do it, if I might for ever enjoy this infinite bliss, this unmeasurable happiness, this endless felicity, which I continually possess in my own breast. Bless the Lord, dear Father, for the kindness he vouchsafes to shew me, unworthy as I am, ungrateful and rebellious against his holy will. Beseech him, in your holy Sacrifices of the Mass, to continue unto me his great mercies, to preserve me from the snares of the enemy of my salvation, who only seeks my ruin, and that libertines may triumph in it; that he would never leave me to my self, weak as I am, and as I have experienced my self to be, to my own sorrow, shame, and confusion. I hope, dear Father, you will not deny this consolation to your poor Daughter, for the support of her Soul, the glory of God, and the manifestation of his Gifts. On my part, I assure you I shall never forget you; but shall constantly offer you to him who is All in All, that he may give you new strength and new light to conduct her who is intimately united with you in the adorable heart of *Jesus Christ*,
Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, July 30. 1730.

This Letter shews the true spirit wherewith F. Girard conducted his Penitent.

AFTER I had written a line to you this morning, dear child, I sent one to your mother's house, who brought me back your Letter of the 29th; so there is one of them found: but the former I never saw; that must be as it shall please the Lord. I cannot well tell what thoughts and sentiments you may have entertained of me during this fatal week past; but I own to you, till now I never was so tenderly sensible what it is to be a father. However, dear child, forget your fault, as I do, and let us say no more of it. I would only have you to reap that fruit from it which the Lord designs you: To be more upon your guard against honour; not to suffer your self to be prejudiced; never to be rash, either in speaking, acting, or judging; to resign your self entirely, and in every respect, to the good pleasure of God; and in all that happens, to regard only the secret order of his fatherly providence, against which it is not lawful for us to rebel, no, nor even to pretend to reason. The Devil is constantly lying in wait; he pursues none with so much eagerness as those souls towards which our Saviour has intentions of mercy: Such, says the Prophet, are his delicate bits; and a victory obtained over such souls in mere trifles, pleases him more, is sweeter and more glorious to him, than an hundred triumphs over the wicked. Hence, dear child, we may infer how much we ought to distrust our selves; with what vigilance and care we should walk; what reasons we have to be poor in spirit, to be always more and more humble and obedient. He that is lowly and obedient, saith the Wise-man, shall sing triumph. You never found any thing amiss, but when you consulted your self, and suffered your aversions to govern you. Forget, renounce your self then, my dear child, once more; and commit your self blindly to the guidance of that gracious and powerful God, with whom you were so well satisfied as long as you did not resist him. I beseech him to hold you always by the hand; and I render him a thousand thanks, that he revenges himself only by new favours. Hence we may justly conclude, how much we are in the wrong to withdraw our selves from his easy government, to serve his and our enemies, F. Grignet will probably
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make you a visit on *Tuesday*; neither give nor shew him any thing; speak to him as you shall be directed; but soberly and prudently; and by all means not a word of what is to come. Let us pray heartily for that, and be entirely silent. When that Father is with you, leave him, and join in all the exercises of the Sisterhood. Edification and your duty require it. I shall talk to him of it beforehand, and beg him not to weary you. When you write to me, close your Letters with a consecrated wafer, and be sure to make use of a seal*. I can hardly tell whom to trust; and I have reason to believe your Letter was opened. You may give your packet to Mrs. Guol. Let me know when and how your blessings returned. I humbly implore him who is the only source of them, to shed them upon you in greater abundance; and that the stop which has been put to them by your sins may be at last as a dam broken down, after which the waters overflow, and carry all before them. Oh, why are we not entirely his who has a right to possess us upon so many accounts! Beg this favour of him for me, as I do for you. Farewel, my dear child; doubt no more, distrust no more, consult Self no more, and whatever be required, consider always that it is not enough for that great God who deserves all, because he gave all. I am in him the very same that you thought me, in our days of greatest happiness and tranquillity.

* F. Girard was far from thinking that La Cadiere's brothers composed the answers to his Letters, even in their own house at Toulon, as they frequently did.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard; August 3. 1730.

She omits nothing to recover her Confessor's esteem, and continually exaggerates her sufferings to induce him to consent to her leaving the Convent.

I Received your last Letter with stronger dispositions than ever to take your advice, and submit to your wise counsels. By a sensible effect of the divine mercy, I perceive the Lord plainly shews me that I ought to resign my self entirely to his good pleasure, to which we ought always to conform our selves. Alas, my Father, I tremble at the sight of what is shewn to me; and I should be afraid of sinking under it, if I did not expect fresh support from him who is all our strength and our hope. I can see nothing before me at present but torments which I am to go through

through, and sacrifices which I am to offer. However, his will be done: I submit to his orders. Yesterday I received a Letter from Mrs. ----- wherein she acquaints me with what the Lord has discovered to her. She is not the only person that has such informations about that affair; it must be as the Lord pleases. As to my self, I know not now what is his pleasure, nor what he designs to require of me, poor and destitute as I am of all the gifts which he formerly conferred upon me: I cannot see that it is my fault. But by an admirable secret which is known to him alone, and which he is pleased to make use of for the accomplishment of his designs, all that I can tell you, is, that I suffer, and that I am contented even in the midst of my sufferings. The constant view which I have of *Jesus Christ* crucified, and offered a sacrifice to his Father, engages, obliges me to sacrifice my self, and to undergo whatever he shall think fit to inflict upon me. Not but that I taste of the cup of bitterness at the same time; for my soul, my heart, and my body are plunged into an abyss of agony and sorrow. I am forced to write this with tears in my eyes; from whence you may understand the extremity of my pains, and the sad condition I am in. For the future, dear Father, when I write to you, these two words shall serve to express my dispositions; I suffer, and I submit. In my present condition I am entirely divested of all graces, favours, light, knowledge, or particular design. In a word, the present, the past, and the future, are quite hid from me. I see nothing now but *Jesus Christ* and his cross, and that is enough for me. As to my diet, I am still unable to eat meagre; and reduced so low, that I can eat nothing of meat but broths. As to you, I am told you take no care of your self; which gives me a real uneasiness. Consider, however, what you do, and forget not the designs which our Lord has upon you. Take heed you do not frustrate them, by neglecting your health. Whatever I say to you, as you may easily conceive, is only to exhort you to please God on your part, as you desire me to do on mine. I incessantly beseech him to grant us both all that we stand in need of to accomplish his work here below, till we arrive in that beloved country, where nothing shall be able to lead us astray, or stop our progress. I am very much obliged to you for the visits which you procured me from your pilgrim *F. Grignat*. I must tell you he gave me a moment's

moment's diversion; when he addressed himself to our Superiour, he said he was a pilgrim, which she at first believed, and told me there was a pilgrim below in the chancel, who wanted to say Mass, and she was in doubt whether or no she should allow him. I leave you to guess if this did not divert me. Adieu, my dear Father, I still commend myself to your prayers, and am constantly and most closely united with you in the adorable heart of *Jesus Christ*,

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient daughter.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, Aug. 3. 1730.

This is an earnest and moving Exhortation to his Penitent to suffer patiently, and to persevere in her Calling, notwithstanding the difficulties she might meet with.

AFTER I had given my Letter to Mrs. Gravier yesterday, just as I was going into the countrey, I received a packet, my dear child, from *Marseilles*, in which I found a Letter from Sister *Piscatory* for you. I observed by chance that it was not sealed, and therefore I put the seal of our house upon it, before I sent it to Mrs. Gravier carry it to you. I give you notice of all this, that you may not be surprized to see my seal upon it. But admire my discretion and command of my curiosity, I would not read it, believing that upon a fit occasion I should be informed of what was proper for me to know of the contents. This, dear child, is the reason of my writing to you to day. What else can I say to you, more than what I have so often repeated to you? You must forget yourself, my little one, or think of yourself only to resign and sacrifice yourself to the good pleasure of our divine Master. Let the world and nature, strangers and relations, the wicked and the good, talk and argue as they will. Let us gently continue our way without any concern about them, without turning to the right or to the left for any person or thing whatever; we must expect to meet with troublesome and difficult steps, yet let us go on boldly and with confidence in God: What now appears to us a dangerous, painful, unpassable, inaccessible steep, will become plain and smooth as we advance. You ought not, dear child, to be ignorant of the tenderness and power of your dear spouse; and should any thing that he can require affright you, or

seem

seem too difficult for you? All that he has hitherto vouchsafed to do for his dear child and well-beloved spouse, all that you have hitherto done and suffered with his holy assistance, are not these arguments sufficient to fill you with the firmest trust in his infinite mercy, and with generosity to go through all imaginable trials? Take courage then, my dear little one, submit to every thing, and be entirely passive. Consent to be utterly divested of Self, be content to die to every thing, that you may live by the more than humane life of *Jesus Christ*. This is what I wish, child, for you and for myself. This at the same time is what I require. To be sure such wishes and prayers necessarily produce sufferings, violences to nature, self-denial, dejections, inward afflictions, and even outward crosses of all kinds; we ought to expect them, and devote ourselves to them. Can we ever do too much for him, whose whole life was nothing but one continued agony for our sakes? Take good care at least, my dear child, that nothing may henceforth escape you that is unworthy of God and of his favours; as to every thing else I shall comfort myself and be content. But I cannot, I own to you, I cannot henceforth bear it, if you should again fall off or prove unfaithful. Let our Lord deprive us of life sooner than we should prove false to our words in any respect. One of these days I shall write to you my scheme for the ensuing week, and you must let me know what you think will tend most to the glory of God, to your own benefit, and mine. Farewel, my dear child, I did not think to write so much to you when I began. Offer my respects to the Lady Abbess, and to the Lady Mistress of the Novices. Recommend to God several Persons who recommend themselves to my prayers and yours. I am always in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ* entirely yours.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, Aug. 4. 1730.

This is an answer to Miss Cadiere's of the 3^d, and is very edifying as well as the preceding one. The Father omits nothing to confirm his Penitent in her Calling, and reproves her for delaying so long to send him the papers, that is, the *Memoir of her Visions and Revelations in Lent*.

Consult God, my dear child, on which of the two first days of next week, *Monday* or *Tuesday*, it will be most agreeable

agreeable to the glory of the holy Love, and to our mutual benefit, that I make my short pilgrimage to your Convent; and return me a precise answer, at least in two words, upon this head before *Sunday* night, that I may have time to secure the horse for *Monday*, if that day should be chosen. I was thinking, if my journey should be put off till *Friday*, to make a discourse to your Ladies, if they care for it, on the Eve of their holy Festival, to excite in them a renewed fervour at that holy time, if I could contribute any thing to so good a design; and then I would lie all night at *Ollioules*, that I might say Mass next morning, before I returned hither. But if it seem to you more proper or necessary that I should come on *Monday* or *Tuesday*, say nothing to any body of this scheme for *Friday*. You do not keep your word with me, dear child; I see a great many people that come from you, but the papers that were promised me never appear. This afflicts me, because as I wrote to you before, I am afraid you give way too much to temptation. The aversion you may have to send them after so many promises, or the difficulty you find in finishing them, ought to let you see more than any thing, the endeavours which Satan uses to hinder this work of obedience, and nothing should more induce you to obey. The will of God in this case is manifest, and yet you have delayed to comply with it these two months, and have followed your own, or rather that of the enemy. In the Name of God never argue with yourself, but become always more lowly. This morning your letter of the 3^d was sent me from your Mother's; I expected a line to night by *F. du Chatelard*, but I received none. However, I shall be satisfied, seeing you tell me that you suffer indeed, but are nevertheless submissive. For my part, I do and shall suffer with you, dear child, and shall likewise be submissive with God's help. You are poor and stript of every thing, child; well, you have only lost some particular gifts of God, while he is employed in inflicting pains, and at the same time bestowing submission upon you. These are two great blessings at least which he has not taken from you, and which may stand you in stead of all the rest. Now shew him that you are attached to him only, and not to his favours and caresses. You will recover all again, every thing will be restored in proper time and place; take courage, my dear child, and for the love of *Jesus Christ* submit to be stript of all as he was, and to

have no other portion but his Cross only; submission, obedience, and resignation: These are the virtues you must now practise: Generously shew that you are resolved to follow your dear Spouse at any rate. Be dismayed at nothing; you will be enabled through grace to do every thing, and God will graciously support you. Give yourself up to his direction with an implicit confidence, which argues upon nothing, insists upon nothing, and rejects nothing, be it what it will. Give yourself no uneasiness about me: I have told you already oftener than once, that men are but too prudent and over-careful; you have been wrong informed about the matter: Seal your Letters well, if you please; for this purpose make use of Communion-wafer, and make the impression strong, which is more secure than wax, because that may be melted, or covered with other wax without a seal. Farewel, my dear child, write to me as I desired at least a single line, to let me know on what day I must come. 'Tis not without a great struggle that I have prevailed with myself to delay my visit till next week: May our gracious God grant us both the grace to be faithful to him. I have my own complaints, dear child, besides those of a great number of souls, for there are a great many in pain. But however let us still go on, let us march forward without turning our heads, or stopping. Time is short; farewel, my dear child.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard; Ollioules, Aug. 6. 1730.

This is an answer to F. Girard's last, wherein she still continues to exaggerate her sufferings.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I Bless the Lord without ceasing, though I am in a weak condition, which is so general and afflicting to me, that it deprives me of all the gifts, all the graces of the Lord, and renders me incapable of reaping any benefit for the future from all your instructions and wise counsels. I was never till now so thoroughly sensible of my own indigence, wretchedness, weakness, poverty and insufficiency; yet in the mean time amidst all my wants, I have discovered so rich a treasure, such great felicity, as swallows up all my knowledge, except that of itself, from whence I receive all the succours I stand in need of, and which allows me to receive

receive none from any thing else. As to your journey, the Lord has shewn me, that it must be next *Friday*, which will be a great pleasure to our Sisterhood. Till then, keep yourself quiet and easy about me. Perhaps when you come you will hardly know your daughter. I know you suffer, dear father, and when I consider your distress, at which I am heartily concerned, I durst not complain to you of my own, if you did not require me to impart it to you. All that I can tell you is, that I am in every sense upon the Cross, and that I always keep and carry you with me: As to the Letter which I received from Mrs. *Pistatory*, I do not at all thank you for your discretion and want of curiosity. There was nothing in it of any moment; she desired me to give her some information concerning . . . whom I mentioned to her the last time I saw her. You must let me know, if you please, whether you think it proper that I should write to her upon this subject; the first time I see you, I shall be sure to shew it you. This is all, dear Father, that I can at present write to you; perhaps for the future I shall be less able to write than I am now. Do not put yourself to any inconvenience by writing to me, since God will not permit your Letters to be of any service or advantage to me; beseech the Lord more ardently than ever for your poor daughter, who is reduced to such a wretched condition, that he may bestow upon me whatever is necessary to me, either for his own glory, or the good of my soul. I am for my part always most strictly united with you in the sacred heart of *Jesus*, and

Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

Be so good as to make my compliments to Mrs. *Guil* and Miss *Batarelle*,

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard, without a date.

This letter though undated, must needs be placed here, because the first sentence of it immediately refers to the preceding one; it must have been written on the 8th or 9th of August, because *La Cadiere* therein says, that she had been ill for three days, but was well on the 11th, being *St. Clare's* eve, upon which day *F. Girard* went to *Ollivoules*, and made a discourse to the Nuns.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I Write you this in excuse for my last, wherein I took the liberty to name the day for your coming to see me. You must know that I should not have gone that length, if I had not been forced to it by what the Lord shewed me. I therein only obeyed his will, and told you what he thought most fitting for his glory. You ought to believe that I did not in the least consult myself upon this occasion, seeing I sacrificed the pleasure I should have had in seeing you, to the pleasure of the Lord which was evidently manifested to me. The Sisterhood flatter themselves, that next *Friday* they shall have the pleasing satisfaction of hearing you, and impatiently expect that agreeable moment and particular favour from that goodness which is so natural to you, provided you incline to it of your own accord. You will find the Nuns very well disposed to profit by the word of God, which you shall preach to them. The Lady Abbess especially, who is charmed with this instance of your politeness, begs me to tell you, that you will oblige her if you will say Mass that morning at *Toulon*, that so you may rest a few hours, and afterwards come into the pulpit about nine. As to myself, dear Father, I shall not have the consolation to hear you. I have kept my bed these three days, and my illness still increases; I would willingly give you a particular account of it here, as you desire, but at present I must not do it; however I hope to impart it to you when you come. All that I can tell you of my present condition is, that for this whole week I have not been able to take any nourishment but water. I am seized with a fever, which is next to a continued one, and has given me a terrible head-ach; in a word, there is not one part of my whole body that is not out of order some way or other. The time is undoubtedly drawing near*, dear Father, which will satisfy you as to what you require, and you will have leisure enough to see all those proofs which you desire. I am content for my part to go through the whole trial, that God may be glorified in his designs. This morning I took some physick, which has so weakened and

* She had promised in her Letter of July 14. that she should be miraculously recovered with alacrity, as a proof that God was not willing she should stay in the Convent; and here she says the time is drawing near, but it never came, as her poor husband's sickness amounted

disordered me, that it has occasioned my spitting blood *, which obliges me to keep my bed, and frightened all the society, who returning from Mass found me all over covered with blood. You see, dear Father, here is a great complication of distempers, but do not frighten yourself, be easy as to me, nay, I exhort you to be more so than ever, because you know it is a happiness to your Daughter to suffer some small indispositions for him who suffered so much for her. I bless the Lord for letting you share the same happiness. God will not fail to reap all the glory which he has reserved to himself both from your sufferings and from mine: Do you only beseech him to grant me from time to time fresh strength, that I may comply with all that he requires of me. Nor will I forget you at the throne of grace, seeing you are convinced that I am always most strictly united with you in *Jesus Christ*.

Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

* She was in bed then, and how could she dictate this Letter to her Brothers, who certainly were not in the Convent, into which they never entered but on the 25th of August with my Lord Bishop of London.

Miss Cadriere to F. Girard; August 15. 1730.

F. Girard went to Ollioules on the 11th of August, where he made an exhortation to the Nuns, and at their entreaty staid there next day being St. Clare's Festival. He hoped that La Cadriere would have given him her Memoir of Lent which she had made him expect so long; but her Brother the Jacobin had not yet finished it, and as F. Girard earnestly pressed her for it, she answered him in a rough and hasty manner, for which the Father sharply rebuked her; for he began to have some mistrust of his Penitent's sincerity. To excuse herself, La Cadriere, or rather her Brothers, wrote to him the following Letter, stuffed with lies and impostures, to make him believe that she was sensible of her fault, and had been severely punished for it.

I Seize the first moment of ease that I have had since I saw you, to atone for the last fault I committed: I am fully sensible of it's greatness, with respect both to my heinous offence against God, and my injustice to you.

On

On account of the former, I could die, if it were possible, with sorrow, compunction, and regret, when I consider the many inconceivable mercies which I am continually receiving from him, and which I repay with ingratitude alone. I own to you that so much weakness, so many imperfections stab me to the heart every minute of the day, and oblige me to expiate them in some measure by making a solemn confession of them to you, and owning that I have sinned against Heaven and against you, my Father. I hope nevertheless that you will entirely forgive me your part of the offence. God in his great mercy has chastised my sin against him with the utmost rigour, and I gratefully submitted to his hand, which struck and corrected me only to raise me up and to heal my infirmities and my weakness. I have found him to be a good shepherd, who carefully brings back the strayed sheep, and that if he does punish severely, he always does it with the compassion of a merciful father full of tenderness and affection towards his children. I hope so many chastisements will not be fruitless; I have made a vow to the Lord to do what you desired of me, and am fully resolved to give it you the first time you come to see me. The promise I have made was too solemn for me to dare to break my word to you in this matter again. So, my dear Father, I flatter myself that my submissiveness and fidelity in making amends for my fault will influence you to pardon this also. As to my sufferings since you left this place, I shall tell you in few words that I do not believe the damned can suffer what I have felt and endured. Methought an inward fire devoured and consumed me with as quick and as violent an effect as the flames of Hell can have upon the souls of the damned. For, every moment I died away and revived again, only to feel new pangs and more cruel torments, which tore my bowels to pieces. I do not believe that *St. Catharine's* edged wheels were harder to bear or more painful to the sense. However, the will of the Lord be done; I deserved twenty times more than was inflicted upon me; though it was he himself that permitted you to chastise me in the most severe and rigorous manner upon this occasion, yet I thank him. All that I can tell you, dear Father, is that so many different sufferings must needs throw me into deep melancholy, and what is most afflicting to me is that I know not when the Lord will deliver me out of this condition. To-day is

the Triumph of our good Mother; I will not fail to beseech her to grant you that fidelity, strength, and courage which you need. Do you also beg of her the same for me. I have just now received some information touching a person of very great rank, who is not of this country; the matter is of consequence; as I have not time to let you know the particulars, I desire you will be pleased to let me know what you would have me do. Make haste and write to me as soon as possible, for it requires dispatch. I recommend the affair in which I am concerned to your prayers and those of your Penitents. I expect you will have so much goodness for me. I never forget you in my addresses to him who is our All, and am most strictly united in the sacred heart of Jesus and Mary,

My dearest Father,

Your most humble, &c,

F. Girard to Miss Cadere; Toulon, Aug. 15. 1730.

This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter, and shews that F. Girard had some distrust of his Penitent's pretended sanctity; and the farther he went, the more reason he found for his doubts.

No body can read this Letter without being convinced of the Father's innocence, and provoked at the false evidence given by the Maid of St. Clare's, who fixes to the month of August, and particularly to the 11th of that month, the licentious behaviour with which she charges him.

I Left Ollioules, my dear Child, with a dagger in my heart; I need not tell you by whom or why the wound was given. I value neither my care, nor my journey, nor my time, nor my pains; but you might have had some regard to them. Our Lord shall be judge between the Father and the Daughter. What concerns myself is not what concerns me; but what concerns my God and what concerns my little one. My God is grievously offended, and that by Mary-Catharine. The pain of the wounded heart of Jesus Christ, and the pain which my Daughter suffers in consequence of it, first caused and still continue my grief. I desired but the very easiest thing in the world, I ordered you several times to do it, you received the commands of your Superiour, you know well enough that God requires it, you often promised it me against a set time, you never gave

have any reason for refusing, and yet you have con-
 tinued in your obstinacy for these three months and your
 obstinacy has always been attended with ill language and
 passion. What can be what ought to be thought of such
 behaviour? By what spirit have you suffered yourself to
 be guided in this matter? Into what perplexities do you
 throw me? I know not what penance you may have suf-
 fered, but you have most suffered alone words of over-
 my former good hand by hand with yours, and we shall
 both share the pain of your fall. Why cannot I hear of
 all alone? I advise you not to defer the putting your pa-
 pers into my hand till I see you, possibly subdely you
 give way to the temptation against which I have so frequent-
 ly warned you in all my last Letters. I likewise often in-
 dulged into you to take heed of a relapse, and but a little
 before your fall I put you in mind of the Apostle's expres-
 sion. May I come to see you in a condition that
 stored your pity, and yet all this ended in the cruel fare-
 well which you gave me two days after. These faults which
 you have already repeated several times to my face make
 me afraid of another journey, lest I should, though inno-
 cently, be the occasion of some heinous sin. However, I
 will see you on Monday, God willing, as I promised. If
 there be any particular reason that obliges you to keep
 your papers till then, I expect at least that the first thing
 you do at meeting shall be to deliver them to me, other-
 wise I will come away immediately after I have said Mass.
 I shall not want arguments, my dear Child, to save all ap-
 pearances, and hinder the world from thinking amiss of you;
 my health being so bad that I can without any dissimulation
 say I am not well. I can give you no answer concerning
 the affair about which you wrote, because you have not
 sufficiently let me into it. If the thing requires dispatch, give
 me an account of it as soon as possible; and then I will tell
 you my opinion; if not, defer it till Monday. I shall recom-
 mend to God the other affair for which you are concerned.
 After sermon on Saturday I looked for your maid, that I might
 send you word to reconcile yourself to God against to-mor-
 row. I could not find her, but I do not doubt, you confessed

* These perplexities which F. Girard was in concerning La Ca-
 diere's sincerity, though she was then talked of as a wonder-working
 Saint more than ever at Toulon, gave him so much uneasiness, that
 he himself perceived it, and could not help telling him of it.

before you received the Sacrament. I have reason to fear that before the last scene, that very day, you neglected more than one motion of grace and resisted some internal operation; you must have reflected upon it ere now. All this shows my concern for your advancement; if I have the sentiments of a Father, consider whether you have had the dispositions of a daughter. A certain person pretends to have been tempted for this fortnight to ask me if I was not weary of making you suffer so much, and to tell me that I required too strong assurances, and endeavoured to act with too much prudence in your affair. I cannot tell whether this language comes all out of one mouth, or out of several; but without giving any answer to the former part of this discourse, which is the most sensible reflection that can be made upon a heart of a certain turn, I must once more tell you that Faith, the Gospel, and Reason oblige me not to be rash, to compare things with my informations about them, and to try the spirits, as the Apostle says, whether they be of God. I cannot alter this conduct. Your relapses †, as I have several times told you, put me to a trial which I cannot bear. On the other hand I may require some things of you which your virtue will not be strong enough to go through; I am not infallible, and it does not belong to me to say, with *St. Paul*, that I think I have the Spirit of God. ‡ I readily consent therefore, my dear Child, to your consulting the Bishop as you propose, or if he be too far off, some other Confessors, of whom there are enough here or hereabouts, provided they be men of God, who seek the will of God, and know the designs of God upon you. I shall without difficulty or grudging comply with whatever they shall advise, so you do not consult them merely with a design to shun the Cross. I aim at nothing but the glory of our Lord, and your sanctification agreeably to his desire; at least my intention is good, however I may fail in the execution of it. This is sufficient to excuse and justify my conduct to you. It is

† He does not here mean such relapses as he had learnt in confession, but her outward behaviour, her affected delays and refusals to deliver him the Memoir of her Visions which the Father was more than ever desirous of examining at his leisure, that he might be assured whether or no it was the Spirit of God that animated his Penitent.

‡ What greater proof can be desired of Father Girard's sincerity and honest intentions?

your

your Father who studies and acts for your interest in every thing. He may be mistaken; but set him right, and he will still give greater proofs that he is really your Father: tis a great proof of his being so, that he consents to make his apology to you.

Miss Caliere to F. Girard; Ollioules, Aug. 17. 1736.

This is an Answer to the preceding Letter, and shews very evidently that F. Girard forged none of these Letters, much less the foregoing one, which alone would be sufficient for his vindication.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

YOUR last Letter, which I received by my dear Mother, has compleated my sufferings and the miseries which I have endured for these three days. I shall say nothing of them here, but bear them all alone as I deserve. You tell me that you do not desire to know them; I shall therefore be more discreet for the future, and conceal them from you, lest I should hurt your repose and tranquillity, which I value so much. God only, who strikes and afflicts me with so much severity, will afford me consolation, and the necessary assistance for supporting and strengthening me in all the different trials through which it is his pleasure that I should pass. He is a kind Father, who is always watchful for the good of his children, and who will at last turn their sorrow into pleasure and joy, when they are submissive to his holy will. I am very sorry, dear Father, that I could no sooner give you the papers you desire: I own I am to blame; and I think my fault so much the greater, that it is the cause of all the pains which you suffer. But if my submission can contribute to relieve them, I am very ready to offer the sacrifice which you require of me, to shew you that I have nothing more at heart than your health. You must believe that I never intended to evade it, and to amuse you with empty promises: My future conduct shall fully satisfy you as to my former behaviour on this occasion. The only motive which made me so backward, and hitherto induced me to keep within the bounds of that modesty and reservedness which I thought justly became me, was the aversion and reluctance which I found in my own mind against appearing in the world, and publishing

my [unclear] However, feeling the Spirit of God inspires you
 to demand of me, I cheerfully submit; and promise, that
 you shall have no more reason to upbraid me upon this ac-
 count. When you come on Monday you shall find a good
 part of it written. I do not think it proper to send it to
 you for fear of an accident; I chuse rather to give it into
 your own hands, for the greater security. I hope you will
 be so good as to give me all the necessary time, and make
 some allowances for haste, as well as for my infirmities, which
 will not allow me to apply closely to it. But you may be
 assured that I will neglect no opportunity; I will even sit
 up a nights if it be necessary, notwithstanding my indispo-
 sition, that I may give you the whole life of one who
 would not deserve your least attention, if you did justice to
 all her imperfections. You tell me in your's, that if I do
 not give you those papers at our first meeting, you will re-
 tire, but yet save appearances. God be praised, and His
 name glorified for evermore! I tremble at this resolution,
 and I doubt such impetuous emotions come not from the
 Spirit of God, who is all charity, goodness, and mercy,
 even to the greatest sinners. However, I submit with re-
 signation to the Spirit of God, to his influences and de-
 signs. And that I may not rebel against his orders, I will
 endeavour to give you all satisfaction. After which, if you
 still persist in that severity of disposition which you now
 shew, I will also submit to it; not indeed without the
 greatest sorrow, but that I may in all respects fulfil the
 will of the Lord, which I am obliged to obey implicitly
 as soon as it is manifested to me. He alone would then be
 my all, my hope, my happiness, my comfort in all my
 afflictions; and I shall still look upon my self as equally
 happy, in the firm assurance of seeing my dear Father again
 one day in the promised land. As to the affair of which
 you desire me to give you a particular account, it relates
 to a Dignitary of the Church at *Marseilles*, who indulges
 so violent and inveterate an enmity, that his passion, like a
 gangreen, has infected all the faculties of his soul to such a
 degree, that if he continues but a little longer in this un-
 happy state, all hopes of his recovery will be lost. And
 the most dismal thing of all for him is, that he approaches
 the sacred altar almost every day, and so is constantly dig-
 ging a deeper pit for himself; the Lord abhors his sacri-
 fices, and is provoked against him to a degree that gives me
 horror. Consider, dear Father, what I must do on this
 occasion;

eration; and, if you please, let me know as soon as possible the methods I must use to save this Ecclesiastic. As to the person who told you that you took pleasure in making me suffer, and that you behave towards me with too much caution; I assure you that it came entirely from that person only, and that I had no hand in it. For as to me, dear Father, I desire nothing but what pleases you; nor need I consult any other directors upon that head. My sufferings I bear with joy; nor will I ever seek to be relieved from them, but with your approbation and consent. All that I beg of you in my present condition, is only the assistance of your prayers, which are absolutely necessary for me. I hope, that as a Father, you will not deny your Daughter, who constantly professes herself in the adorable heart of *Jesus Christ*, and has been continually engaged in having communion with him.

Dear Father, I am, my dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere, Toulon, Aug. 22. 1730.

F. Girard went to Ollioules on the 21st, and La Cadiere of last gave him the Memoir of her Revelations. But two days before this, F. Cadiere had showed this Memoir in Toulon, unknown to F. Girard, who bearing of it at his return from Ollioules wrote this Letter, even before he had read this famous Memoir of Lent.

This Letter is of the greatest importance to the Father's vindication, because it shows in what kind of spirit, and upon supposition only, he desired that his Letters and other Papers might be returned. His Penitent, to impose upon him, immediately sent them, but kept a few Letters.

F. Girard was exceedingly surprized, when he found amongst these Papers the above said Memoir of Lent in F. Cadiere's hand-writing; and the foul copies of his Penitent's Letters to him, written by the same person's hand.

GOD be praised, my dear child, he has just now plunged me into the deepest distress which I have hitherto felt upon your account. I am informed this afternoon, that there are in town several copies of the paper which you gave me yesterday with so much difficulty and reluctance. The very person who had one of them, and perhaps has it still, told me of it, and gave me a particular relation of all that passed in you during Lent. I shall soon know by whose

Father in your opinion. However, the thing is done, and
 there is no help for it now; I am content with being en-
 tirely sacrificed to your severity, and with being an inno-
 cent victim for the crime whereof you accuse me, with so
 little of that charity which always accompanies the spirit of
 God. You ought to have considered, that I never was
 unfaithful in any thing that related to you; but I may be
 mistaken, and to convince me fully of it, I desire you
 will use some stratagem to get one of those copies which
 you say are spread all over the town; and though I already
 submit, I will then submit entirely to those outrageous and
 passionate reproaches with which you threaten me, and
 which have already thrown me into an agony. One blow
 more of this kind would certainly cause my death, so deep-
 ly has the sorrow with which you torment yourself pierced
 my heart, as being your Daughter always affectionate and
 devoted to her Father. One must be really a Mother, to
 know the greatness of her love for a Child whom she con-
 ceived in God, whom she carried in her bosom, and for
 whom she has sacrificed herself a thousand times to secure
 his life. To talk freely to you, I did not look for such
 a shock from you; every body experiences that goodness
 which is natural to you, but you reserve for me alone all
 the severity of a Father, whom nevertheless the Child, inno-
 cent or guilty, is always obliged to obey. Doubtless the
 Lord designs that I shall drink the very dregs of his cup,
 to expiate my former infidelities which are innumerable, as
 well as my present imperfections; at the thoughts whereof
 I humble myself, and submit to the just punishment with
 which you have chastized me. I beg you a thousand par-
 dons for them, and hope that as a Father you will for-
 give them. As to your papers, I have obeyed your
 orders, and you must by this time have got them;
 those which I received from other hands I could not send
 as you desired, because I had burnt them. With respect
 to the profound silence which you require me to keep, be
 assured that I will follow your advice as a Daughter, who
 is entirely devoted to her Father's commands. Beseech
 the Lord to grant me all those graces which are necessary
 to enable me to satisfy you, and execute faithfully whatever
 you require of me. I hope you will obtain this consolation

† F. Girard but for some time mistrusted his Penitent's sincerity
 but her repeated lies, and the Memoir of Lent, fully opened his eyes.

of the Lord for me. I wait impatiently for the moment when I shall see you, and am always perfectly united with you in the adorable heart of Jesus Christ.

Dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient daughter.

Mrs. Guiol to Miss Cadere; Aug. 30. 1730.

La Cadere produced this letter in her memorial, and endeavoured to force an abominable construction upon it; we thought proper to place it here, to shew at one glance of an eye, that on the contrary it tends very much to justify what we have advanced concerning F. Girard's Opinion of La Cadere. The Father could not recover the Surprise, Indignation, and Sorrow occasioned by his discovering the impiety and impostures of his Penitent: Yet, as the Bishop of Toulon, who knew nothing of all this, pressed him to return to Ollioules, he resolved to go, and to make use of that opportunity to bring her to a sense of her conduct, and prevail with her to own her fraud; but it was to no purpose.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

LAST Monday about noon I arrived in Toulon, and alighted at the Jesuits Convent. I had just a sight of our dear Father, whom I found in the utmost distress; he told me at once, that if I had any ill news for him; I should not say a word, but go without fail and write to him instantly, and bring him my Letter in the evening after Sermon; which I did with a great deal of difficulty, and set down just what God Almighty was pleas'd to inspire. I went this morning to see him after his return from the countrey, where he has been ever since St. Austin's eve. I do not believe that in the last moments of his life he can look more death-like than he does at this time. I asked him what was his indisposition, and if his uneasiness continued still the same. He told me in great confidence, that his agony increased every moment, and that when he waked this morning, he found himself quite overcome with distress, so as to be utterly speechless. I leave you to judge, my dearest Sister, how great my sorrow must be, to see the two persons in the world for whom I have the highest love and esteem reduced to the last extremity. And who is the cause of all this but yourself, dear Sister?

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Had you returned but the least word of answer, frankly, and immediately, all would have been made up. When you told me that our gracious God does not approve your returning an answer to the Letter you received, after the order given you by your dear Father, you really moved my compassion for you. He received your letter at nine on *Sunday* morning, and has a great deal of reason to be dissatisfied with it; for you say nothing but in vindication of your self, and lay the whole blame upon him. God be praised! may it please him to open your eyes once for all. However, next *Friday* his charity for you will bring him to *Ollioules*, after saying Mass here at *Toulon*. My dearest Sister, I beg it as a favour for Jesus Christ's sake that you will speak to him with all possible sincerity; and since he is desirous to comfort you, let him in return receive some from you. You are sensible, that nothing but my great concern for every thing that relates to you, makes me take the liberty of speaking my mind so freely; and therefore, my good Dear, you will pardon it. I conclude with assuring you that I rejoice at the consolation which you are to receive on *Friday*, a day destined for your greatest happiness. My dear Sister, I embrace you from the bottom of my heart. I am every day more closely united with you, never leaving you at the foot of the cross of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*. Good night.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard; without date.

This Letter must have been written on the first or second of September. In it, and in those which follow, La Cadiere omits nothing to vindicate her self to her Director. She is willing to own her fault in publishing her Memoir of Lent; but F. Girard insists upon her owning, moreover, all the frauds, sacrileges, and impostures which she had employed in order to pass for a saint. But this neither she nor her brother would consent to. This shews the true rise of the persecution. F. Girard resolved to leave her entirely, and would answer none of her Letters.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOUR journey has not been in vain; for by the mercy of the Lord, I find my self disposed to comply with all the advices which you gave me, with an inviolable exactness and fidelity, as far as shall be in my power. I

am at present reduced to the ordinary methods of the Sisterhood, without any uneasiness on my part. On the contrary, I am charmed with this opportunity of shewing what I am. As to the present disposition of my mind, it is affected with so deep and piercing a sorrow, that it makes me die, if I may so speak, every moment of the day, and is occasioned by my own infidelity. I can tell you no more of my present condition, but that I could die with regret and remorse. In short, I cannot express to you all that I suffer; yet through an excess of his great mercy, I still find consolation, for otherways I should infallibly sink under it. Our Lord appeared to me upon the cross, and told me, that by the sacrifice of himself, and that shameful death which he had suffered for me, he was willing to forgive me also the last faults which I had been so unhappy as to commit; he told me moreover, that I must first satisfy his justice. For this purpose he gives me so great a desire of suffering, that there is nothing in the world which I would not cheerfully do to make him satisfaction. This whole night I spent in weeping and groaning. I found my self moved to use the discipline twice; which I did with such violence, that I drew blood of my self in abundance. I went further, nay, so far as to swallow things, which good-manners, and the respect which I owe you, will not suffer me to name. I believe I can never do enough to atone for my fault. I omit nothing that may appease a provoked God; and to that end I carefully practise all that you ordered me. It is true, I am very ill after it, for I have had a fever all this Day. The disorder which I mentioned to you yesterday still increases, and I am reduced to inexpressible weakness, without being able to take any thing. You will have the goodness to tell Mrs. Guisl that I could not write to her because of my weakness, and you will be so good as to tell her what I cannot write to her, which is, that I am extremely mortified at the scandal which I have given her; and all the faults which I may have committed towards her. Beg her, if you please, to join her prayers to mine for the pardon of them. I am, and always profess my self with more affection than ever, in the sacred heart of Jesus,

Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

Miss Cadiere to F. Girard ; Ollioules, Sept. 5. 1730.

She continues endeavouring in vain to deceive her Confessor.

REVEREND FATHER,

I Durst not take the liberty of writing to you, if you had not commanded me ; I therefore do it in pure obedience to you. My sorrow encreases every moment, and doubtless I should have reason to fear the worst, if my gracious God, through his great and infinite mercy to me, did not grant me some small intervals in this excess of sorrow, which is sometimes so violent, that it takes away my speech. But thanks be to him, who supports me with so much goodness and mercy ; and I can say, without a lie, that I was never blessed with such an abundance and profusion of it as at present. Nevertheless I still suffer, and have no comfort in my sufferings, but the view of those of *Jesus Christ* crucified, who of his infinite mercy vouchsafes to make me pass thorough those torrents of bitterness thorough which he himself passed. It is true, that my sins are the cause of this : But if I might, I would cry out, O happy fall, which has made me partaker of the greatest of all happiness ! I have hitherto been so unfortunate, as you told me, to act with a view to please creatures only ; at present, by his great mercy, I find my self disposed to act for him only, who is the only source of all good. The sentiments which I find in my self are a real proof of the mercy which he has vouchsafed me ; for I am disposed to become the sport, the fable, and the mock of those very creatures whose esteem I courted. I consent to undergo this penance, and whatever satisfaction you shall think fit to require of me. Be not afraid of putting me to all the trials which you shall think proper. I am ready for my part to undergo whatever you please : my sentiments are such, that I may say there is nothing so hard, so painful, or so humbling, that I am not ready to embrace ; and I should even run into extremes, if I did not know that in all things we ought to keep within the just bounds of moderation. I do not fail to comply with the ordinary methods of the society, by doing all that I can, nay, more than I can, if I may say so. The short intervals which I have from my great pains, are attended with so many favours, and so many graces, that notwithstanding all I can do to oppose and resist

resist them, according to your order, they break out more and more. I suffer such favours with all that humility and confusion that becomes a soul who receives such graces, especially as I am so miserable and unworthy of them. On *Sunday* afternoon I received a visit from my sister-in-law, whom I had not seen for three months; and on *Monday* my mother came to see me with some of my relations. I did not fail to let them know my uneasiness at their coming so often, and I begged the favour that they would be pleased to make their visits less frequent: They promised me they would, but not without some reluctance. And this day I saw *M. Camerle*, whom I entreated to visit me but once a fortnight. These are the only persons I have seen, and henceforth I will be invisible to every body. Make my compliments, if you please, to *Mrs. Gurol*, and beg her not to forget me in her prayers to God. Farewel, dear Father. I am entirely your's in *Jesus Christ*,
Your most humble, &c.

Miss Cadriere to F. Girard; Ollioules, Sept. 9. 1730.

F. Girard was in such high reputation at *Toulon*, and the good opinion which he expressed of *La Cadriere's* virtue, did her so much honour, that she saw very well of what importance it was to her to keep well with her Director, whose forsaking her might tend more than any thing to make her lose the publick esteem; for which reason she continues her endeavours to move the Father with compassion. But it was now too late; for he had found that she had all along imposed upon him. He would have had his Penitent own and repent of her sacrilegious impieties. *La Cadriere* never would confess herself guilty of so many crimes, but only of having communicated her visions, and the graces which she pretended were conferred upon her, contrary to *F. Girard's* express orders.

REVEREND FATHER,

I Obey the inward motions which oblige me to write to you to acquaint you with my present disposition, that is, my afflictions, my uneasiness and excessive pains, or rather my torments, which are beyond all expression, and which affect me with such violence, that my soul is pierced, my mind filled, and my heart rent in pieces with sorrow. As to my body, it is reduced to a condition that would draw

draw tears from your eyes ; for every part has its particular pain and torment. The dislocation of all my bones, the agonies of one who is cut for the stone, the falling down of all my bowels, attended with a terrible headach, in a word, incisions in every particular part of my body, are but faint expressions of the tortures and pains which I suffer, and which it is impossible for me to describe to you, so great is the extremity, and so violent the cause of them. However, I do not continue in such kind of sufferings, above three or four hours, for I should not be able to support them longer without certain death. Indeed they overwhelm me so, that they deprive me entirely of speech while they last, and make me an object of compassion to all my sisters, who are often the eye-witnesses of my distress. Yet far from repining at my condition, dear Father, I on the contrary incessantly bless our great God for all his goodness to his unworthy creature. My will is perfectly resigned to his, and I find my self very well contented to suffer either by the hands of God, or those of evil spirits, who inflict upon me and make me feel the cruellest pains of hell. *Jesus* and his cross indeed will always be my comfort and my portion ; every thing else I shall look upon as indifferent and contemptible. Farewel then, all creatures ; Father, Mother, Relations, and Friends, you are henceforth nothing to me ; I will henceforth never know you, but to put me in mind of *Jesus* crucified. I will henceforth put no confidence in man ; *Jesus* alone shall henceforth be my comfort, my hope, my refuge, my all. Henceforth neither contempt, affronts, neglects, confusions, humiliations, desertions, nor even the strongest temptations, shall make me forget the love of his cross. That alone shall always be the object of my wishes and desires. Yes, Lord, in thee alone will I put my trust, and therefore I hope I shall never be confounded. I desire nothing but thee alone, O my God : I ask neither thy gifts, nor thy favours, nor thy light, nor those other graces which thou grantest to the souls that are faithful to thee ; but only thy great mercy. 'Tis neither thy gifts nor thy graces that engage my affections ; I desire only to be faithful to thee, and to preserve my self always thine, every where, and in every thing. Eternal thanks be rendered to thee, O my God, for that thou vouchsafest still to honour me, and load me with thy greatest benefits and favours. I would conceal them from you, Sir, if my duty to you did not oblige me

to reveal them. On *Tuesday* night, while I was in bed with the lady Abbess, the great God appeared to me, unworthy as I am, with all the marks of the love, goodness, and tenderness of an affectionate father for his children, and declared to me that in recompense of what I had suffered, he would let me know and taste the sweetness and consolation of being agreeable to him. In that very moment I felt such an abundance of joy and pleasure, and delights so pure that I could not help crying out, How happy is the soul, O my God, that is agreeable to thee! After these words my feet and my hands appeared at once bloody, both on the upper and under side, as the Lady Abbess, who was witness to it, first made me observe; the blood continued fixed there for two days, so that I could not wash it off. In short, dear Father, I cannot here relate to you all the mercies which my good God conferred upon me yesterday, being the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. I was so overpowered and loaded with them that I could not resist, and notwithstanding all my endeavours I was forced to submit entirely to them. You will do me a pleasure, dear Father, to come and see me on *Monday* next, I beg it of you most earnestly for particular reasons which induce me to ask you this favour; I firmly believe that your coming is very necessary, that I may relate to you the affair in question. However, if you should not be able to come, be so good as to let me know it, if you please. I am in expectation of that happy moment with a perfect union in *Jesus Christ*,

Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

F. Girard to Miss Cadiere; Toulon, Sept. 15. 1730.

F. Girard's charity obliged him to make a last effort to bring back his Penitent into the right way; he thought he perceived by her last Letter that he should find her better disposed to it, therefore he determined to return once more to Ollioules. But finding that he could not prevail with her to own her fault, he wrote the following Letter to her next day, and she herself produced it in court. It is plain that if F. Girard could have reproached himself with the crimes wherewith he is accused, he would not have left her with so much tranquillity and so little precaution.

LAST night at my return home I received your's, containing only an invitation to *Ollivoules*. But what you said to me, dear Child, in our last conversation was of much greater consequence, at least I thought it so. I mean the necessity of your having a new Confessor, upon which you insisted more than once. I have considered of the matter, and as on one hand your request is just and reasonable, because I am not at liberty to wait upon you regularly at the country-house to which you think of retiring; so on the other hand 'tis to be feared that two different Confessors will embarrass one another, and give you a great deal of trouble, by perplexing you with vexatious doubts, if they happen, as they easily may happen, to be of a different opinion in any particular point; so that probably the one or the other must be obliged to leave you. After having laid the affair before my gracious God, I am determined, because it seems most proper, to give up my claim, and leave my place to him whom you shall choose, or have already chosen. I shall say nothing of this change to any one that talks to me about it, but that I had not time to wait upon you regularly in the country; nor need you give any other reason for it. However, this need not hinder you from applying to me with the utmost freedom, if at any time you think my advice may be useful or necessary; for I shall still be ready to do you all the little service in my power. Much less shall it hinder me from continuing my prayers to our Lord that he would plentifully pour down upon you his choicest blessings, and grant you grace to accomplish his designs with fidelity and constancy. I hope that in better hands you will advance more surely, and with greater speed, and that if I have been guilty of any faults towards you, you will nevertheless remember that my inclination to assist you was good, and therefore will not forget me in your prayers to God. I have sent you two books that belong to you, which I got from those to whom you lent them. Be pleased to order the volume of *The History of Japan*, which I have occasion for just now, to be sent me from your house. I am, and shall always be, entirely yours in the sacred heart of *Jesus Christ*.

GIRARD, Jesuit.

*F. Girard to the Lady Abbess of St. Clare at Olliboules;
Toulon, May 22. 1730.*

*This Letter, which was produced in Court by La Cadere,
shows the esteem which the Father then had for her virtue.*

MADAM,

GOD in his providence having sent me to Toulon about two years ago, put into my hands the direction of a soul whom he now calls to your Society, and for whom I beg a place in it: The person is Mrs. *Catherine Cadere*, with whom you are a little acquainted, as I have heard her say. For that reason I need not give you a particular account of her sense, her humour, or her virtue. I shall only assure you that she is no common soul, and that our Saviour has a singular predilection for her. Her health will be such as it pleases God to give her for accomplishing all the designs he has upon her, while she is with you; and I will answer for her effectual Calling, because I have incontestable proofs of it. You will do this young Lady a very great favour in receiving her into your Convent; and at the same time I am verily persuaded God can hardly bestow a greater blessing of this nature upon your house, than the sending you such a person; of which you will very soon be sensible. I entreat you, Madam, by all means to keep the affair, upon which I have the honour to write to you, a secret from your Society, because it would otherwise be difficult to prevent its getting abroad, and so coming to the ears of her relations, who would use their utmost endeavours to hinder her design; though I know that when she has once left them they will submit to the most holy will of God. I wait impatiently for an answer, which your piety, your zeal, and your prudence make me flatter myself will be favourable. I have the honour to be with profound respect,

Madam,

Your most humble, and most obedient servant,

GIRARD, Rector of the Jesuits.

*The Lady Abbess's Answer to F. Girard; Ollioules,
May 23. 1730.*

REVEREND FATHER,

I Received the Letter which you did me the honour to write to me, and the motive of it gave me a sensible pleasure. The young Lady is not unknown to me, but though I were an utter stranger to her merit, I should certainly have an esteem for her, only because she is recommended to me by you. Nevertheless the opposition of her relations is an objection of great weight with me, but the assurance which you give me, that when the thing is once done they will submit, together with the honour and respect which I owe you, induces me to retract the protestation which I had made to receive none upon such conditions. Be so good therefore, if you please, reverend Father, in case the Lady should come, to hinder her relations from making a noise and confusion in our parlour. We were once so caught, and I would not wish to be served so a second time. As I have the honour to receive her from you, I depend upon your prudence; and after assuring you of my most humble duty, I have the honour to profess myself with the greatest respect and submission,

Reverend Father,

Your most humble, &c.

A Letter from the Lady Abbess of St. Clare's at Ollioules to Miss Cadiere; Ollioules, June 1. 1730.

MADAM,

I Would have purchased at a great price the holy joy and compleat satisfaction which I received from your resolution to come and consecrate yourself to God in our House. I know very well that you have always been his; but I am rejoiced that you will try the difference between being devoted to him in a cloister, and serving him in the world, how faithfully soever it may be. I congratulate you beforehand upon the happiness which I am persuaded you will soon enjoy. There was nothing but the opposition of your affectionate relations that could be any obstacle to your ardent desires, or make me doubt the success of your design; but that which gave us uneasiness before,

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ought now to serve as a convincing proof of the adorable designs of God upon you in the choice which you have made. I hope you will never think of drawing back, seeing besides the solidity of your mind, I flatter myself that you will find here easy means of keeping up your devotion. I shall say nothing of the just regret wherewith you will doubtless leave the holy direction of the reverend F. Rector, to whom I have the honour to offer my most humble respects. With his permission you may come any day that you please, the sooner the better, so it be the moment which God has appointed. I shall wait for a proper opportunity of making my just acknowledgments to your relations for the obligation which they have laid me under, by consenting that you should enter into this convent; the Lord will reward their sacrifice; I long for the performance of yours, and am truly in the sacred heart of Jesus,

My dearest Lady,

Your most humble, &c.

A Letter from F. Girard to the Lady Abbess of the Convent at Ollioules; Toulon, June 5, 1730.

Miss Cadriere being to set out for Ollioules, as she did early in the morning of the sixth of June, F. Girard wrote this Letter the night before. It was produced in Court by La Cadriere.

MADAM,

I Send you this by the soul which Jesus Christ had reserved for your Monastery. I gladly resign her into such hands as yours, and return you a thousand thanks for being so good as to receive her. By the great mercy of God, she is in an excellent disposition of mind; though were she otherwise, as she is henceforth to live under your eye and direction, she could not fail of acquiring it very soon; your example, Madam, your instructions, your orders, and the prayers you will be so charitable as to put up for her, must render her such as she ought to be, in order to fulfill the designs of our Lord for her sanctification, and to walk steadily in the paths of those worthy Nuns, at the head of whom the divine Providence has so wisely placed you.

I dare hardly ask you so soon to allow Miss Cadriere the

holy Communion every day; perhaps you will soon find that it is the will of God, and that he does not think her altogether unworthy a favour so extraordinary; however, I must intreat you would condescend to let her communicate pretty frequently. A second favour * which I take the liberty to request of you is, that the young Lady may write to me without having her Letters read, and receive my answers in the same manner; for our Letters on both sides shall turn upon no other subject in the world but the disposition of her soul, and the economy of her mind. I shall have the honour to wait upon you myself in a fortnight, and to recommend that dear young creature to your care, as well as myself to your prayers; and to assure you of my gratitude for your goodness, and of the profound respect with which I am,

Madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

GIRARD, Jesuit.

* In the best regulated Monasteries the Nuns are allowed to write to their Confessors, and to receive their answers, without communicating those Letters to their Superiours. We have seen with what fidelity F. Girard has hitherto kept his word, and whether the Letters which he desired might be secret, contained any thing but what related to his Penitent's conscience, and the state of her mind.

*A Letter from F. Girard to the Lady Abbess at Ollioules,
Toulon, July 26. 1730.*

This Letter, which was produced by Miss Cadiere, shews that it was the Lady Abbess who first desired that F. Girard might continue to confess her, and might go into the Convent when she should be sick, which he never had occasion to do but once.

MADAM,

MRS. Cadiere told me two days ago upon her return from Ollioules, that you had obtained leave for me to confess her daughter, and to visit her in the Monastery when sick; for which, Madam, I return you a thousand thanks; however, I yesterday begged of Father Camelin the ratification of this favour, which he granted me with the greatest goodness and politeness. This I have the honour to acquaint you with, and in time you will better understand

understand the weighty reasons I have for desiring a favour of so singular a nature, which however shall be of no ill consequence, nor in the least disturb the order and regularity of your house. I think it my duty, Madam, to inform you at the same time, that F. *Cadiere* just now tells me, he has obtained leave of the reverend F. Commissary, for himself and his Brothers to eat in the parlour. It is my opinion that the thing being so, you ought to take the honour of this privilege to yourself: And that it would be proper, after talking about it with the reverend F. *Camelin*, to write yourself to Mrs. *Cadiere* that you asked that favour for her daughter, and that you have obtained it; methinks the thing would have a better grace on both sides. You are prudent, Madam, and need no advice how to act; forgive me therefore this liberty; you may be sure that nothing but an excess of zeal for your service, and the part which I take in every thing that concerns you, made me venture to write you this. Whatever you conclude, and whatever you do in this, as in every thing else, will I am sure, be directed by reason and virtue. I have the honour to be respectfully, Madam,

Your most humble, &c.

A Letter from the Lady Abbess of the Monastery of St. Clare at Ollioules to F. Girard; Ollioules, July 3.

1739.

REVEREND FATHER,

IF I had not lately given you a faint hint of my design, you would be very much surprized at the proposal which I am going to make to you. I believe, reverend Father, that *Nicodemus*, although he was the secret disciple of our divine Master, was not the less holy for that reason; and so that by means of the holy liberty which my post procures me, I might with little noise make very great progress in virtue under your direction. The pretext of our candidate will be a cover to me, and help to facilitate my design. It is not necessary that you should come upon my account; but when you do come upon hers, as soon as you arrive, you may allow me, if you please, a few minutes. I am not too tedious, and I will endeavour not to be troublesome to you. Our dear child is very well, and presents her respects

spects to you, as does also her Mistress. I am with an entire devotion to you.

My very reverend Father,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

Sister AUBERT, Abbess.

A Letter from the Lady Lescot, Mistress of the Novices in the Convent of St. Clare at Ollioules, to the Lord Bishop of Toulon, October 31. 1736.

F. Cadere having assured the Bishop, that the Lady Lescot had seen F. Girard take some liberties with La Cadere, that Prelate whom they had endeavoured to prejudice against F. Girard, wrote to her, desiring to know the truth of the matter, and begging her immediate answer, which she sent in the following Letter.

My Lord,

AFTER offering my most humble duty, I protest to your Lordship, upon the faith of a Nun, that I never saw Miss Cadere's Confessor either touch her hand or kiss her. This Express is in haste to be gone, so that I have but just time to assure your Lordship, that I have the honour to be with infinite respect,

My Lord,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Memoir of all that happened in my late journey to Aix.

F. Girard produced in Court this beginning of a Memoir in F. Cadere's writing, and full of scratches. It is of great importance, because it shews the contradiction between what La Cadere is here made to say, and what they made her write in her Letter from Aix, wherein she talked of nothing but the inward pains she had felt during her first day's journey.

ON the seventeenth of the last month, about six in the morning, as soon as I was got into the calash with my companions, I immediately felt the Lord drawing me to him in the most perfect manner that can be expressed, and declaring to me, that the motive of my journey was very agreeable to him, that he blessed it beforehand with all those that

that accompanied me in it, and that he would take to himself all that glory from it which was his due. This whole day past entirely in such favours from the three divine persons which constitute the most Holy Trinity, who evidently discovered to me, that they designed to introduce me into the August Tabernacles, in order to make me capable of the great secrets of the Deity.

The next night about midnight, I found myself lifted up from the midst of my companions to the height of seven or eight palms above the bed, and surrounded with a cloud from the (*waist is omitted in the original*) and my upper parts with the glory of God himself; in this state of inexpressible felicity, I distinctly perceived the very bosom of God, with such abundant sweetness, joy and light, as my ideas, faint and mortal as they are, cannot possibly represent, nor explain by any expressions the infinite revelations which he vouchsafed to communicate to me from thence the next morning. *Here the Memoir ends, being left unfinished.*

A Memoir of the Revelations imparted to me concerning Sister de Remusat.

Sister de Remusat was a Nun of the Visitation at Marseilles, whom F. Girard directed, and who died Feb. 10. 1730. in the odour of sanctity. As this Father greatly esteemed her virtue, La Cadiere and her Brothers invented all that is contained in the Memoir, the better to impose upon F. Girard, who produced it in Court in the hand-writing of Mr. Cadiere the secular Priest.

DURING the life of Sister de Remusat, the several favours which the Lord was pleased to confer upon me with respect to her, were to represent her to me sometimes as perfectly united with him, sometimes evidently shewing me the fixed point, and the Specific Degree * of her strict union with his adorable heart; and lastly, sometimes as raised above an infinite number of holy souls, illustrious for their high virtues in this happy region, who all looked upon her as the object of their admiration. Next morning I found myself seized with such an universal extasy through

* A school-term to which La Cadiere was an absolute stranger; several more of the same kind are to be met with in the following Memoir. all

all my senses, that they were in a manner absorbed; and in the very instant of those inward transports of joy which I felt, I was warned to fall upon my knees, and thank the Lord for the great mercies which he had lately bestowed on Sister *Ann Magdalen*, a name unknown to me, and revealed to me but that very moment. Some days after, being informed of her death by my Confessor, which evidently fulfilled what the Lord had revealed to me some time before; I retired to my house, and shutting myself up alone in my chamber, I was instantly seized with such an acute pain through all the parts of my body, that it threw me into a kind of agony, in which the Lord manifested to me the exact degree of glory which her soul enjoyed in Heaven; and to give me an evident proof of the happiness in which I had seen her, she immediately granted me an entire deliverance from a state of possession with which I had been tormented for about four months, and even now I feel the particular effects of it more and more.

At other times I saw her prostrate at the foot of the throne of mercy, begging particular graces for the support of her dear Father. Sometimes I perceived her possessing the same degree of glory as my blessed Sister *Mary a la Coque*.

Lastly, one night about eight a clock when I was in bed, the Lord did me the favour to shew me an innumerable multitude of Angels carrying his heart in triumph in a shrine, with acclamations of joy and mirth, and before it I perceived at the same time my Lord of *Marsailles* in his pontifical robes assisting at the ceremony, while the Angels carried his Mitre.

This, reverend Father, is a particular account of the revelations with which the Lord was pleased to favour me.

*Memoir of the Favours which by the Mercy of the Lord
I enjoyed throughout Lent in the Year 1730.*

This collection of Revelations La Cadiere delivered to F. Girard on August 21. 1730. in the hand-writing of her Brother the Priest, who likewise copied out fair all his Sister's Letters to F. Girard; and it pleased Providence, that when La Cadiere sent the Father back most of the Letters which he had written to her, she likewise sent in the same packet this very Memoir written by F. Cadiere.

We need only cast our eyes over this memoir, to be convinced;
 1. That the extraordinary things therein related, ought not
 to be attributed to the operation of the Devil, as La Cadere
 now pretends. 2. That it could not be composed by a girl
 brought up in a hempseller's shop. 3. That it is impossible
 to reconcile what passed in her during this Lent, with the in-
 famous things which she pretends she suffered at that very time.

ON the 21st of February, about eight at night, being
 at table with all my relations, on a sudden the Lord
 appeared to me in a human shape; and the impressions of his
 presence upon me at that instant were so forcible, that they
 obliged me to withdraw from the company of my relations,
 and retire to my chamber, that I might give full liberty to
 those pleasing influences of grace, which so mightily affected
 my heart. There he first declared to me his sentiments
 with all the tenderness of a Father for his child; and plain-
 ly gave me to understand that he designed to lead me with
 him into the desert, there to pass the forty holy days of Lent,
 during which he would nourish me, not with the bread of
 men, but with the bread of angels, and with his grace only,
 which alone is sufficient for his saints, according to the ora-
 cle of his apostle, *non in solo pane vivit homo*. There, I
 say, he first gave me to know that he designed to associate
 me in his sacrifice, and to make me participate of that ex-
 cess of love for which alone he had offered himself up for
 the redemption of all mankind; shewing me for that end,
 a chalice which he held in his hand, and declaring to me
 that this was the New Covenant which he would make
 with me for the expiation of the crimes of an infinite num-
 ber of sinners, who every day profane his holy - - -
 and for which he would have me to satisfy his justice, as a
 victim acceptable in his eyes. The horror of such a sa-
 crifice made me then shiver, and shocked all my senses; but
 immediately he was pleased to let me know, that he could
 not grant me a greater mercy, than to associate me to him-
 self in his sufferings for the satisfaction of his father's
 justice; because such a sacrifice, in obedience to his plea-
 sure, having render'd him the object of his most tender
 complacence, by being associated with him I should enjoy
 the same happiness. My will submitting it self to these
 impressions, I then perceived all the several sorts of crimes
 as overflowing the whole face of the earth: On one hand,
 the horrid nature of sin, with respect to God, was mani-
 fested.

ferred to me, and I found my self covered, loaded with its whole weight; on the other, I was affected with a sorrow for sin, proportioned to the greatness of my knowledge, which occasioned in me such an acute pain as cannot be expressed, and which pierced every part of my body. Methought every thing within me, my mind, my heart, in a word, all my faculties were nothing but sin, abominations, profanations, and execrable violations of his holy laws. The pain was so sharp, that it threw me into a mortal agony; the effect whereof was so violent, that it instantly dissolved all the parts of my body, and made me lose a prodigious quantity of blood, attended with a continued fever. And in this condition I remained till the last day of *Lent*. A complication of so many disorders reduced me to such a weak condition, that twenty times a day I should infallibly have died, if the omnipotence of God had not sustained me by his grace, and by inward and powerful supports which abundantly strengthened me within.

On the eighth day of *Lent*, as I lay in my bed distressed by my many disorders, I felt of a sudden an invisible hand, which ravished all my faculties, to which the Lord vouchsafed to manifest his holy heart, pierced on all sides with the murderous wounds which sin gives him, from whence run streams of blood, wherewith a certain number of souls were covered, for the salvation of whom he had made me the propitiation and the victim. At that very instant he made me comprehend the excessive grief wherewith his adorable heart was pierced by the sight of sin; and wherewith mine was by participation pierced with such extreme grief, that it produced instantaneously an external wound*, from whence the blood gushed in a great quantity, and still continues running.

On the tenth day, being in a sad condition by the sight of sin, which was continually before my eyes, about eight in the morning, while I was hearing Mass, and after I had received the Sacrament, there appeared to me a ray of that pure love wherewith the saints love in heaven. I saw it so pure, and was so exceedingly charmed with it, that I could desire nothing else; but cried to the Lord to bestow upon me that ray of love, the beauty and the bare view whereof had so ravished me, that death would then have been pleasant to me, that so I might possess such great love. But an-

* La Cadiere is known to have had this fore before, so that it was far from being miraculous.

swer was made to me, That while the creature is upon earth, it is impossible to possess, even for a single moment, that pure love which had been discovered to me; because the fire of it is of such a nature, that the enjoyment of it would soon reduce the human body to ashes. This view made such a strong impression upon my heart, that I now found in my self nothing but an anxious desire of possessing, as soon as possible, that pure love which is the object of the saints in heaven.

On the eleventh day, about eight in the morning, I had no sooner received the sacrament, but God warned me to retire without delay to my chamber: And having obeyed the motions of grace, I was no sooner got thither, but falling down upon the ground, I lost at once the use of my senses, and saw the three adorable persons of the most holy Trinity, especially God the Father, who freely discovered to me his deepest secrets. I then understood that God the Father had existed from all eternity, and before all time; that by the knowledge of himself he begat the Son; and that the mutual love of these two produced the Holy Ghost, who is the indissoluble tie, and the bond of Union between the two other persons. I understood also, that the Son was the object of his Father's complacency, the unsullied mirror of his adorable perfections; that the Father is *unproduced, and always producing; that he is equally uncreated, incomprehensible, and free; all the three infinite, immutable, incomprehensible, uncreated and free. Power belongs to the Father, wisdom to the Son, and holy love to the Blessed Spirit.

On the twelfth day, about eleven of the morning, while I was employed about some handywork in my chamber, I saw the adorable person of *Jesus Christ*, in the same manner as when he was on earth, conversing with his apostles. I was so happy as to hear from his mouth these divine words: Be ye all lowly of heart; be ye all perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect. I also had the happiness to see the light wherewith that divine master instructed his apostles; with what mildness, what goodness, what tenderness, and what love he bore the rustic, mean, and ignorant behaviour of these men, whose birth was as ignoble and low as possible. I cannot here express the tender

* This expression, which is barbarous, and purely theological, never came out of *La Cadere's* mouth, nor, without all doubt, does she understand it.

consolation which I received by waiting upon my divine master, while every word that came out of his mouth seemed a fiery dart, which melted my heart with that sweet pleasure which those hearts alone that are favoured of God in a special manner can taste.

On the thirteenth day, about five in the evening, I perceived God drawing to himself all the powers of my soul; and there he shew'd me a glimpse of that glory wherof St. *John* in the *Apocalypse* speaks only by a figure. There I perceived the thrones of the Deity, and at the same time nine heavens, wherein all the saints were placed, according to the degrees of glory which they had merited: I saw, besides, a river which issued from beneath the very throne of God, transparent as crystal, which run across these heavens, and spread and communicated itself to all the saints, in proportion to their several degrees of love and virtue; which degrees of love, virtue, and glory, like the flowing and ebbing of the sea, constantly returned to their first source. After so great a favour which the Lord was pleased to confer upon me, I could not resolve to live any longer banished from my dear country, adorned with so many delights and beauties, of which St. *Paul* himself says, That ear hath never heard the like, that eye hath never seen the equal, and that the heart of man cannot conceive them.

On the fourteenth day I fell into mortal grief, at the consideration of the sacrifice with which the Lord was pleased to honour me for the expiation of the sins of men. This view gave me so sensible a pain, that I could not resolve to live a single moment, when I considered on one hand the holiness of God, and on the other all the evil and enormity of the sins of mankind. Those two very different views produced in me a sorrow proportioned to the greatness of sin, the affront it does to God, and the excellence or eminence of the Divine Persons. My sorrow was so extreme, that it forced me to keep my bed, and made me spit* and otherwise lose a very considerable quantity of blood, without being able to apply any remedy to it, or take any nourishment during all this *Lent*, except water.

On the fifteenth day, about two in the afternoon, I had a vision of *Jesus Christ*, who appeared to me just as when

* This 14th day of *Lent* answers to the 28th of March. The importance of this remark appears in the memorial.

he came out of the judgment-hall, and said to me, Daughter, see to what the excess of my love has brought me for the salvation of men, and yet ungrateful and rebellious men refuse to love me, and to own me. What more could I do to give them a proof of my tenderness; and what else is there that I am not ready and able to do for their salvation? Are not you willing, Daughter, to co-operate with me for the salvation of souls? This discourse produced in my heart such marvellous effects, that I offered my self that moment as a sacrifice, to suffer with him all ignominy, disgrace, pains, ills, and the cruellest torments, to procure him the glory of saving some souls which cost him the full price of his blood.

On the sixteenth day, about five in the morning, I perceived the adorable heart of *Jesus* pierced through and through like a sieve, from whence there runs a large quantity of blood, and beneath that I saw a million of persons upon whom the blood fell, and yet there was but one of them to whom the merit of it was applied.

On the seventeenth day while I was in the Church of the reverend Fathers the *Carmelites*, at the elevation of the Host, having lifted my eyes towards it, I found myself at once seized and drawn out of myself; doubtless it was by one of those looks wherewith the Spouse in the *Canticus* says, that her *Bridegroom* smit her, the creature being too feeble of itself to support all the amorous looks of a God who takes pleasure in shewing favour to it, since they are not to be supported but in Heaven. I immediately fell into a swoon, which would infallibly have been my death, if the melodious and ravishing music which then touched my ears, had not refreshed, strengthened and roused up my heart from that dejection into which it was plunged. This music is of so excellent a nature, that human words cannot represent it as it really is.

On the eighteenth day having communicated at Mass, I perceived a globe of fire, which fell directly upon me, and so changed me into its own nature, that methought I was nothing but fire, and by its natural property purified me in so extraordinary manner, as to give me that agility of body which we shall not enjoy till the general Resurrection. Immediately I found myself lifted up and suspended in the air three palms above the ground, (which also happened to me at another time in the Church of the reverend Fathers the *Jesuits*) where, though I was exposed to the eyes

of every body. God permitted one person only to see me in that condition.

On the nineteenth day while I was reflecting in my chamber on the great wonders which God works in those souls who have the happiness to be faithful to him, immediately by a very sudden motion I found myself lifted up again eight palms above the floor, and there I perceived the most holy Trinity as in a bush; the Father and the Son held a crown in their hands, over which I being suspended in the air with my hands folded together, heard a voice which came out of the bush and spoke to me thus: Daughter, I unite you to myself in so special a manner, that you have not yet received such a great favour from me; henceforth you shall be allowed to enter into my secrets. Oh! who can here express the extent, the greatness, and the depth of those decrees which God then revealed to me! Then I understood the holiness of his justice, the greatness of his mercy, the oronomy of his particular designs upon souls, the secrets of the heart, the depth of the sea, the extent of the earth, the height of the heavens, the order and courses of the stars; lastly, † the incomprehensible decrees of predestination concerning creatures; how he is equally just in saving one and damning another; so that amidst these high revelations I could not forbear crying out: Thou art righteous, O Lord! O depth! O wisdom! O impenetrable mystery! Who knows thee cannot but love thee!

On the twentieth day, which was the Festival of St. Joseph, about eight in the morning, during Mass I found God drawing to him all the powers of my soul; at the same time I saw three heavens, in the lowest whereof I was. From thence I perceived in the first heaven the throne of glory to which St. Joseph was raised; I had the happiness to contemplate the full extent of his glory; but that great Saint, the better to accommodate himself to my weakness, descended immediately into the second, where I saw him in the same manner as when on earth, holding the child Jesus in his arms, whom he put into mine. Then I was allowed to clasp him to my breast, and to unite myself intimately to him; which to me was so great a favour that I had like to have died with joy: He then gave me

† She here advances things which she never mentioned nor ever knew; can she now give any account of all these fine discoveries?

many

many saving instructions for my own use and that of several others; after which the vision vanished from my sight. Instantly there was deep silence throughout all this heaven, and I saw St. John the Evangelist descend, whose person was ravishingly beautiful; he held in his hand a book fastened with seven seals, and having opened it I saw him write therein in large characters these words; *Mary-Catharine, John-Baptist*; after which he shut it again, and carried it before the throne of God, where addressing himself to the second person which is the Son, he presented to him the book shut, but held it himself; then *Jesus Christ* laying his hand thereon pronounced these words aloud: I swear by myself that what is herein written is unalterable. Immediately after there was silence again in the same heaven, and I saw a great cross which *Jesus Christ* himself held with his right hand. As soon as I had fixed my eyes upon it, I instantly found myself carried towards it with as much rapidity as steel is attracted by the loadstone; there *Jesus Christ* directed these words to me: Daughter, come near, that my love may crucify you before my righteousness make you perfect; and thereupon laying hold of my hands he fastened them as well as my feet to the cross; then his love produced in me what the executioners made him suffer on the day of his passion. These impressions which were only internal produced nevertheless in me so great love that I could not support the violence of it; so that from six in the morning till ten at night I was quite out of my senses.

On the twenty-first day I fell ill again on account of the same view with which I was formerly affected for the expiation of sin; a continued fever and a new spitting of blood soon brought me into such a weak condition that it must have proved mortal to me, if the almighty power of God had not sustained me: This morning, as I was not able to go to Mass to receive the Sacrament, I perceived about six a'clock a multitude of Angels, who brought me in a holy box the adorable body of *Jesus Christ*, telling me that she who did not feed upon corporeal nourishment * must receive that of the saints. Such a favour threw me into a transport of love and a ravishing ecstacy, which raising

* This is the third time that she has repeated her abstinence from all manner of aliment: But it is known now that she used to eat in secret.

me about three palms from my bed, I enjoyed for half an hour such a supreme and immense happiness as I cannot express.

On the twenty second day, about the same hour, I was conveyed just as I was to the throne of the most holy Virgin, which I should have confounded with that of the Deity. If it had not been shewn to me before, I found that beside the throne of God, there was no other but that of Mary, that God's glory was Mary's, and that Mary's glory was God's. There I had great revelations concerning the virtues which raised her to this high degree of love and glory. I was likewise informed of the particular authority which Mary has over God himself as being her son. I saw moreover an infinite number of Angels, Virgins and Saints, who stood at the foot of the Throne, and with a most heavenly and ravishing harmony sang the angelic salutation.

On the twenty third day I was informed of the nature of the angels, whereby I understood that the angels are not so happy as the saints, seeing that the least among them surpasses in Heaven the greatest and most distinguished angels. I then knew that these supreme intelligences compose but one heart, that they are all different in their nature, and that God, notwithstanding their excellent perfection, seems to degrade himself by communicating his glory to them.

On the twenty fourth day God manifested himself to me, and declared to me, that he had created and brought me into the world for no other purpose but to shew forth his power, his glory, his love, and how far he can favour a soul even in this life when it is faithful to him; he told me moreover, that he would conduct me into the Conclave of his August Trinity, and that there he would with open heart discover to me his greatest wonders, and appear to me as he is in himself. Accordingly I there discovered an eternal day, a night without end, a shore without a bank, a greatness without bounds, a brightness always equal, unalterable, immutable, invariable, in which all the saints were absorbed, like a grain of sand in the ocean. I found that God had created man only to be the object of his Love, that from all eternity he had had different designs

A mere silly notion of the Thomists, which F. Cadere has here crested into a revealed truth.

upon

upon all his creatures, that his grace operates in them in a quite different manner, but still according to his good pleasure; that the Father acts in the souls of the righteous in a different manner from the Son, and the Son in a different manner from the Holy Ghost; that is, that the Father enlightens, the Son gives, and the Holy Ghost produces.

On the twenty-fifth day I saw again this heavenly glory, at the entry whereof the Lord took me by the hand, and said to me: Daughter, come forward, for I will conduct you into my magnificent palace, and show you the beautiful workmanship of my book. Then I saw a vast place, which appeared to me to have its bounds; mighty high columns which rose beyond the reach of sight, sustained the dome of Heaven, the walls were in a manner inlaid with all sorts of precious stones, the lustre and beauty whereof our senses are not capable of perceiving, nor can any language express them; In the midst I saw a great river which ran across Heaven. Every Saint there was clothed with a white robe, and they all appeared to me of an equal size; there it was manifested to me that *Mary Magdalen* possessed the place of *Lucifer*, and that the twelve Apostles sat upon the twelve Tribes; a multitude of virgins afterward appeared to me, wearing chains of gold about their necks; and I was told that these collars signified the yoke of obedience. Lastly, I saw a great number of old men, whereof some held crowns in their hands, and others vessels full of perfumes; all of them according to their rank came and prostrated themselves before the throne of God, adored this God of high majesty, and set all down at the foot of his throne.

On the twenty-sixth day God manifested to me the innumerable multitude of sinners that live upon the face of the earth, and grasped in his hand the thunder of justice ready to exterminate those ungrateful transgressors of his law; at the same time he informed me that if any righteous soul would offer itself as a victim for the expiation of their crimes, he was very willing to grant them his great mercy; I immediately offered myself to be the victim of his justice, and thereupon I saw an altar prepared, with a lamb stretched out on the middle of it, upon which there instantly fell a million of darts which pierced the lamb every where with deep wounds, from every one whereof there gushed out a prodigious quantity of blood.

Here

Here the sacrifice ended, but it was only a figure of mine; for I immediately began to enter into a general state of all manner of sufferings, and an internal pain tormented me so violently that the most cruel death in comparison of my tortures would have been a comfort and a relief to my pains. This excessive pain which tormented me threw me in a little time into a mortal agony, which deprived me of the use of all my senses, and drew from all my veins so great an abundance of blood, that I was found swimming in it in my bed.

On the twenty-seventh day I fell into so sensible an ecstasy that all my relations observed it, and therein God shewed me that he could not raise his creature to a higher state than by associating it in his sacrifice, because he having rendered himself the object of his Father's complacency, the creature who conforms to him must expect to be likewise very acceptable to the Lord. I continued in this state of suffering till *Saturday* in the fourth week of *Lent*. On *Palm-Sunday* when I got up and went out of my chamber, I found my relations talking among themselves concerning the passion of *Jesus Christ*; this discourse made me instantly fall into a swoon, wherein I perceived our Lord crowned with thorns, cloathed in purple and holding a rosary in his hand. This sad and afflicting sight, though I had lost my senses, made me weep for three hours together, and then I experienced the great number of graces which the Lord bestows upon those souls that are faithful to him; some time after when I came to myself, I went abroad to receive the Sacrament, and just as I was preparing myself for it, by the consideration of *Jesus Christ's* triumphant entry into *Jerusalem*, I reflected and took notice that no-body had invited him to dinner; whereupon being moved with compassion and tenderness for my divine Saviour, I ardently wished to have had the happiness of living in those times, that I might have given him to eat, and so have made amends for the affront which the *Jews* put upon him. But at that very instant this great God appearing to me, declared that he accepted with pleasure my sentiments of goodness and tenderness for him, and that in return he would let me taste the sweetness and influence of his blood; wherewith I accordingly found my mouth filled at the very moment of my receiving the Host: In short, I passed this whole night either in extreme sufferings

Ings attended with ecstasies and continual raptures, or in the churches where I was not allowed to stay and conceal the knowledge of them from the world. I cannot here express all the favours, the informations, the revelations, the intimate and amorous intercourses of this great God with his unworthy creature. What tender affections, what intimate communications, what transports of love, what divine embraces, what touches that ravished my very heart, what internal delights, what real pleasures, what pure joys, what perfect agreement, what endless swoonings, in a word, what tender and affectionate expressions did he not make use of and communicate to me? Sometimes transported by millions of angels into the bosom of God himself, I was permitted to rest upon his heart, where he supported me with his right hand, covering me with his left; so that I thought myself in a garden of delights, where eternal day always shines, where there are pleasures without end, where friendship is pure, where the bridegroom and the bride converse with open heart, and where they take a real pleasure in solacing themselves with one another in mutual love. There the Spouse peculiarly delights to discover to the soul all his beauties and lovely charms, and there he speaks to her these words of the song; Sleep, my well-beloved, my fair-one, my dove, rest thyself in my bosom, ask me what thou wilt, and I will grant it thee. If I had not made this great universe, the master-piece of my glory, I would create it for thee alone. I pray you, ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*, make no noise, lest you awaken my well-beloved, who sleeps and takes her repose in me. O happy sleep, in which the senses are lulled to rest, which no power disturbs, where the soul finds itself in compleat repose, and acts not at all. Yet, O wonderful! God performs in it what the human mind and the highest intelligence can neither comprehend nor express; that is, looks of love, intimate union, delightful commerce, sublime knowledge, infinite operations: It is a cloud which covers the soul with obscurity, in order to discover to it the true light. The Son serves it instead of a veil, to enable it to raise and dart itself into the very bosom of God, where it discovers the communication between the three adorable persons. What communication, what love, what union, what conformity, does there not reign amongst them?

them? The Father is nothing but love, beauty, riches, holiness, greatness, and majesty. The Son and the Holy Ghost equally partake of his divine qualities. But here I want words to express my self, and I leave it to him alone to do it. Sometimes I was introduced into the divine cellars to see the beauty, the goodness, the excellence of that divine Love, whereof the more one drinks, the more one would drink; for, as *St. Paul* says, the taste renews the appetite, and the Saints being made drunk with abundance of this wine, grow more and more in love with this liquor, which they think most delicious, and which makes them perfectly happy. As to me, not being able to bear the strength of it, my breast-bone was forced out of its place, to make room for him who desired to reside therein; and for that purpose my bosom was enlarged above three inches. This wine procures repose, and fills us with charms. It is pleasant to drink, it charms every care, and he that drinks it in God, finds it sufficient sustenance. O if I might tell how often, when drunk with these torrents of pleasure, I have not been able to contain that excessive heat which seemed to consume me, even to the marrow of my bones. Sometimes with my face, red as a coal, and my eyes sparkling, I threw fiery darts of desire at him who had inflam'd me with such pure love. Sometimes I call'd him the only object of my charms, the life of my life, the soul of my soul, the heart of my heart, the most charming and most amiable object. O love that always burnest, and art never consumed! if the creature could know thee, what would it not do to possess thee! In short, sometimes raising my voice and lifting up my cries towards Heaven, I could not forbear sighing and intreating this divine love to come and reduce me into ashes and dust, that he alone might reign eternally in my soul. Thou knowest, O my God, how often I have washed the pavement with my tears, earnestly supplicating thee to come and deliver me quickly from the body of death, which hinders me from loving and enjoying my happiness as perfectly as the saints do in Heaven. How often have I cried out, Lord, how hard is it to live! how tedious is my pilgrimage, and how painful my journey! when wilt thou put an end to my uneasiness and torment! but immortal glory be rendered to thee, O my God, for so many mercies and favours. Thou canst not resist the sobs and tears of my heart with-
out

out coming quickly and satisfying thy creature's hunger. A thousand times hast thou appeared to me with the same eagerness as a passionate lover would before his bride, and declared to me that thou hadst heard my cries and my groans, and that thou couldst not resist my desires: that thou wast smitten with my love, and hadst conceived for me a passion that cannot be expressed, tho' it may be felt. O it is impossible for me, to express with what eagerness this great God gave himself up to my heart! sometimes I could only cry out with the great St. Francis Xavier, It is enough, it is enough, my God, moderate this divine ardour. How often unable to support this ardour, have I thought, that the earth was too little to contain all that I felt in my breast! how often have I been obliged to walk about as if I had been out of myself, for a little air and breath, and to undress myself for a little ease and relief to my body! how often have I been obliged to run up stairs and down stairs at home with a surprizing violence and rapidity, that I might dilate my heart a little, which without this relief must infallibly have been oppressed! In a word, how often have I been forced to allay and quench the flame which burnt within my bosom, by applying to it linen cloths dipt in water to mitigate the fierce and burning heat which consumed me.

The Holy Week.

Here I might cry out, O happy week, which has completed all the graces and favours which my gracious God hath conferred upon me! On *Monday* it was revealed to me, that God would during this week work in me great wonders, and that I was therein to consummate the sacrifice which was required of me for the expiation of sin. Moreover I was given to know, that I must continue out of my senses from *Maunday-Thurs* till the *Saturday* following. The three first days of this week I passed in excessive sufferings; I laboured under a complication of so many afflictions, that God only who knew them can express them; the weight of sin seemed to oppress me in every part. I now looked upon myself only as an object worthy of compassion and pity, or as a victim destined to death and punishment, which only waits for the finishing

ing stroke to put an end to its torture. *Mainday-Thurs-*
day in the morning, not being able to go to Church be-
 cause of my excessive weakness, our Lord vouchsafed to
 make me partaker of his Holy Supper, which was first insti-
 tuted as on this very day. About ten I fell into an ex-
 tasy, and saw in the spirit a great hall well furnished, a
 table stood in the middle, round which all the Apostles
 were placed, with *Jesus Christ* in the midst of them; who
 taking some bread blessed it, and lifting up his eyes towards
 Heaven, spoke these words: This is my body; then he
 broke it and distributed it to his Apostles, saying, Take and
 eat; after which taking up the cup, he blessed it in the
 same manner; and lifting up his eyes again towards Heaven,
 pronounced these words: This is my blood, and the new
 Testament of my new Covenant; take and drink, this
 blood must soon be shed for the salvation of all men. I
 partook of the same happiness, and in a moment the vision
 disappeared. I fell immediately into another extasy which
 continued till eight at night; I must not here reveal what
 I then saw, because of the eternal silence which was en-
 joined me.

This whole night I passed with *Jesus Christ*, I was wit-
 ness to all that happened to this man of sorrows, who was
 in the midst of a crew of villains, who practised upon
 him the most cruel and horrible things that the malice and
 rage of hell could invent. O night of *Jesus*! worthy of
 tears of blood. Who can express all that he suffered, all
 the marks of disgrace with which they loaded him in the
 most barbarous and cruel manner? Some uttering a thou-
 sand blasphemies against him; others having made a crown
 of thorns plaited together, put it upon his head, and pressed
 it down with all their strength; so that from every part of
 his divine head they fetched streams of blood, which run
 down in such abundance, that his face was in a moment
 covered with it: Then putting a reed in his hand, and
 cloathing him with a purple garment, they said to him, by
 way of derision, Prophet, divine who struck thee. In
 short, during this whole night the most cruel outrages and
 horrible insults were committed by that wicked crew. All
 that *Jesus Christ* suffered through love, I also suffered
 through justice. I cannot here express the noble senti-
 ments of his divine heart; the love, the submission, and
 the patience wherewith he bore all these injuries. For his
 ardent

ardent desire to satisfy the justice of his Father, and the salvation of souls, for which he delivered himself to the shameful death of the cross, not only made him suffer with pleasure, but likewise made him earnestly wish to shed even the last drop of his blood, to give men a real proof of his love. At last on *Friday*, being still out of my self, I perceived that about nine they came and fetched *Jesus*, made him take up his cross, and led him to mount *Calvary*. His justice loaded me also with my cross, and I had the happiness to accompany him in this painful manner to the place of execution. O how sweet is it to carry one's cross with *Jesus*, and to die with him! At last we came to the place: There they ordered him to lay down his cross, and to stretch himself upon it; he obeyed, and was nailed to it. The same love which nailed my God to his cross, nailed me also to mine through justice. Who can express the intense pains, both inward and outward, which *Jesus Christ* suffered? They were not caused so much by the weight of his body, which was elevated and suspended upon a cross by three nails, as by the weight of those sins wherewith he was loaded, and for the expiation whereof he gave his very life. The same love operated in me in proportion to his sufferings, and according to the ability of a creature. Sometime after he said he was thirsty; not with a bodily thirst, but with that which was produced in him by his earnest, ardent desire of saving all those for whom he died; among whom, nevertheless, there were but very few who received any benefit by his blood. He continued three hours in this condition; which was a greater miracle of God's omnipotence, than when he created all this great universe. By a participation, still proportioned to my weakness, I felt his excessive pains. A crown of thorns pressed down upon my head, and piercing it every where, made a great quantity of blood run from my eyes; then I appeared quite out of my self, having my forehead and face, as well as my eyes, covered with blood; my feet also were pierced: A singular favour*, which still continues, as well as the mark of the crown, and of the wound in my side, which I received in this painful condition. About three a clock, *Jesus* cried aloud, and pronounced these words: My God, my God, into thy

It is known that she had these wounds in her feet long before, and

hands

hands I comfort my soul; and drooping his head, he said, It is finished; and then expired. The same love which deprived him of life, likewise took away mine, so that leaving my body upon earth, I went in the spirit and accompanied his soul into *Limbo*, a place which I could not distinctly observe, but yet I perceived that it was not a place of punishment. There I saw a great number of souls, who impatiently waited the coming of the Messiah to deliver them from their captivity, and conduct them to Heaven, the gates whereof had hitherto been shut against them. Who can express the joy of these holy patriarchs and prophets at the sight of their deliverer? At last the happy moment came, and about four in the morning *Jesus Christ* rose again by his own power, and carried with him captivity captive. Upon his arrival at the gates of Heaven, which were shut, they opened at the approach of their King, who took possession of the title of King of Heaven and Earth, which name was bestowed upon him only as being the God of power. O who can here express that complacence wherewith God the Father beheld his dear Son arrive: He immediately placed him at his right hand, and all power was given to him both in heaven and upon earth. All his tenderness was expressed by looks of love to his well-beloved son, who had faithfully accomplished his adorable will. In short, all heaven resounded with acclamations of joy, songs of triumph, and universal rejoicing. As for me, charmed with such beauties and wonders, I had quite forgot the earth, and thought that I had really anticipated supreme happiness. But while I flattered myself with the hopes of enjoying that felicity, I observed *St. Theresa* and *St. Clare* moving from their places; and I heard the former beg me of God for her Order. But *St. Clare* replying, represented to him the ardent zeal which she had always shewn for his glory, and begged he would grant me to be a member of her Order, which was every day losing its original lustre. Then *Jesus Christ*, consulting his own interest and glory, instantly granted her request; and then addressing himself to me, he spoke thus: Daughter, I would willingly allow you to enjoy the happiness which you at present possess; but it is necessary that you do something more for my glory. I will make my abode in you upon earth as in heaven; and dwelling in my grace, I will finish the building in eternal rest; like to the temple of *Solomon*, who

built

built that mighty edifice without one stroke of a hammer. I will shew my self to you as I am in my self, as no person ever saw me upon earth. I will purify you perfectly, and make you capable of seeing me. Observe these words carefully, and you shall soon see them accomplished. About ten a clock I came to my self, having remained for and thirty hours quite motionless and insensible. I rose from my bed immediately, just as if I had felt nothing. My wounds did not hinder me from walking; and I began to eat voraciously, having taken no nourishment* for forty days before, except water; which is a miraculous proof that his almighty grace sustained me all that time.

These Papers I dedicate to the glory of God, ascribing to him alone whatever is good, extraordinary or miraculous in them; to him therefore be the glory of all. Obedience † to him alone forced me to part with them: He alone will reward me, since it is for his sake alone that I composed them, and gave them up. May all those that shall read them ‡, give as much honour, praise, love, and glory to him who is the author of them, and who merits every thing without reserve.

* This is the fourth time she has told us that she said no food during Lent.

† Her duty forbid her to give them to any person but F. Girard; and yet they had been shown in town before F. Girard received them.

‡ F. Cadieere and his Sister imagined already that their new piece was just going to be printed. What humility!

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